LLOYD KAUFMAN PRESENTS:

THE TOXIC AVENGER

AND OTHER TROMATIC TALES

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EDITOR **TIM SEELEY**
ASSISTANT EDITOR **TIM STRAUB**
DESIGN **SEAN DOVE**
CREDIT PAGE ART **MARCO FAILLA**

FOR **TROMA**
ART DIRECTOR **JAMES BERNARDINELLI**
PRODUCER "POULTRYGEIST" **KIEL WALKER**
PRESIDENT **LLOYD KAUFMAN**

Josh Blaylock
PRESIDENT

Sam Wells
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Susan Bishop
VP MARKETING

Sean Dove
ART DIRECTOR

Michael O'Sullivan
SENIOR EDITOR

Tim Seeley
STAFF ARTIST

Mike Bear
STAFF ARTIST

Brian J. Crowley
GRAPHIC DESIGNER

Joshua Fritz
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT

Nora Hickey
OFFICE ASSISTANT

Idrijs Grant
WEBSTORE MANAGER

Crank!
COMPUTER OPERATIONS

Kunoichi Ad Sales
773-321-8478

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GREETINGS FROM TROMAVILLE, GOO BELIEVERS!

And welcome to the first (and with my track record… the last) installment of *The Toxic Avenger and Other Tromatic Tales!*

As you all know, Troma films are a lot like comic books come to life. For instance, Terror Firmer is probably the only TRUE comic-to-film adaptation of an Alan Moore book that he is proud of. Sure, we took some liberties with it (i.e. hermaphrodites, shitting corpses, male rape), but as I told Mr. Moore, *Watchmen* is tedious without some topical humor.

Anyhoo, the time is right to give something back to the comic community: a sort of thank you gift to all the sweaty pizza-faced-fatsos who talk shit about us on internet message boards… err… I mean… our loyal fans.

That gift is this collection of comics! All the sex, violence, nudity, and gore you have come to expect from a Troma film, except instead of being a film, it is… get this… DRAWN ON NEWSPRINT!

Yes! This collection symbolizes a new age in comics: less shiny than the silver age, a tad less gilded than the golden age…

This is . . . THE MOLDEN AGE!!!!!!

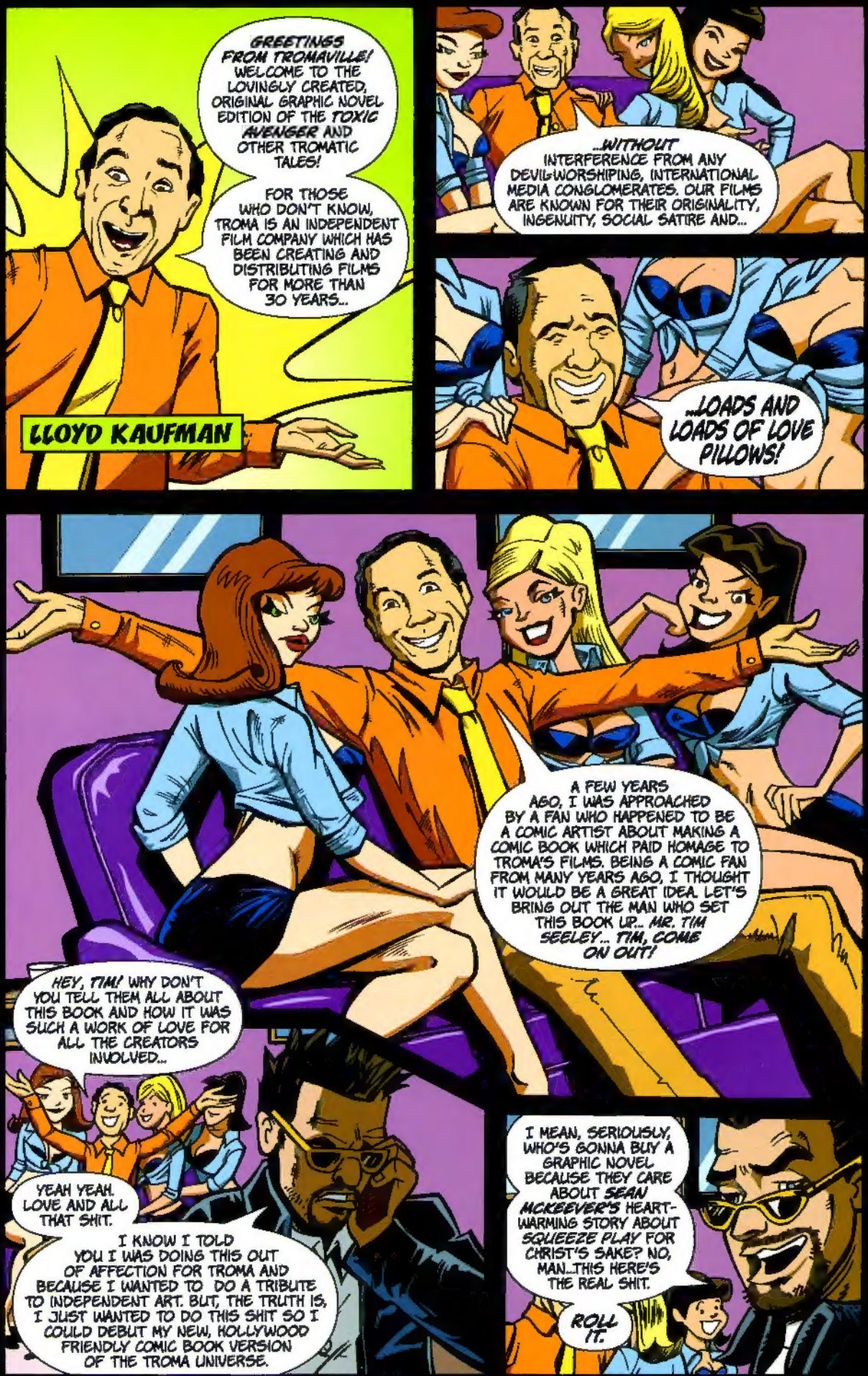
There have only been a few seminal moments in comic history:
Howard the Duck!
Herbie the Robot!
The X Babies!
Rob Liefeld!

And now, *The Toxic Avenger and Other Tromatic Tales!*

Many thanks to cousin Tim Seeley and Devil's Due (and all of the talented artists and writers who have now probably ruined their careers) for creating this brilliant pile of rolling papers. But also, it would never have happened without you Troma fans downloading pirated copies our movies for free. Thanks for spreading the Troma love!

To quote my good friend, Stan Lee: "EXPELsior!"

Love,
Lloyd Kaufman, AKA Unca Lloydie


GREETINGS FROM TROMAVILLE! WELCOME TO THE LOVINGLY CREATED, ORIGINAL GRAPHIC NOVEL EDITION OF THE TOXIC AVENGER AND OTHER TROMATIC TALES!
FOR THOSE WHO DON'T KNOW, TROMA IS AN INDEPENDENT FILM COMPANY WHICH HAS BEEN CREATING AND DISTRIBUTING FILMS FOR MORE THAN 30 YEARS...
LLOYD KAUFMAN
...WITHOUT INTERFERENCE FROM ANY DEVIL-WORSHIPING, INTERNATIONAL MEDIA CONGLOMERATES. OUR FILMS ARE KNOWN FOR THEIR ORIGINALITY, INGENUITY, SOCIAL SATIRE AND...
...LOADS AND LOADS OF LOVE PILLOWS!
A FEW YEARS AGO, I WAS APPROACHED BY A FAN WHO HAPPENED TO BE A COMIC ARTIST ABOUT MAKING A COMIC BOOK WHICH PAID HOMAGE TO TROMA'S FILMS. BEING A COMIC FAN FROM MANY YEARS AGO, I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A GREAT IDEA. LET'S BRING OUT THE MAN WHO SET THIS BOOK UP... MR. TIM SEELEY... TIM, COME ON OUT!
HEY, TIM! WHY DON'T YOU TELL THEM ALL ABOUT THIS BOOK AND HOW IT WAS SUCH A WORK OF LOVE FOR ALL THE CREATORS INVOLVED...
YEAH YEAH. LOVE AND ALL THAT SHIT.
I KNOW I TOLD YOU I WAS DOING THIS OUT OF AFFECTION FOR TROMA AND BECAUSE I WANTED TO DO A TRIBUTE TO INDEPENDENT ART. BUT, THE TRUTH IS, I JUST WANTED TO DO THIS SHIT SO I COULD DEBUT MY NEW, HOLLYWOOD FRIENDLY COMIC BOOK VERSION OF THE TROMA UNIVERSE.
I MEAN, SERIOUSLY, WHO'S GONNA BUY A GRAPHIC NOVEL BECAUSE THEY CARE ABOUT SEAN MCKEEVER'S HEART-WARMING STORY ABOUT SQUEEZE PLAY FOR CHRIST'S SAKE? NO, MAN...THIS HERE'S THE REAL SHIT.
ROLL IT.

TOXIC AVENGER
When nuclear scientist Melvin Ferd was exposed to irradiated genes he became an unstoppably handsome hero of superhuman size and strength.

KABUKIMAN
Harry Griswald, an agent of the World Police Agency is the host to the demonic KABUKI!

NYMPHOID
The superhuman survivor of a post apocalyptic future, who has travelled back in time to save our world... from ITSELF!

POULTRYGEIST
Fast food champion, reborn after death to destroy evil.

DOLPHINMAN Champion of the high seas. Half man, half dolphin... all action.

When terror rears it's ugly head, that's when you call

TROMAVERSE MAX

YEAH, THE REAL SHIT. WE'LL HAVE A REAL FILM DEAL IN NO TIME.
DIRECTORS LINING UP OUT THE DOOR. IF WE PLAY OUR CARDS RIGHT, KAUFMAN, AND WE MIGHT EVEN GET MICHAEL BAY.
HELL, WE MIGHT GET SPIELBERG.
SPIELBERG!! ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME!? I DON'T WANT A HOLLYWOOD FRIENDLY COMIC BOOK! I DON'T WANT SOME DUMBED DOWN, SOULESS PIECE OF CORPORATE CRAP!
I WANT THIS BOOK TO BE ABOUT GIVING INDEPENDENT ART BACK TO THE PEOPLE! ABOUT THE POWER OF ONE INDIVIDUAL'S IDEAS IN A BLAND, PURITAN WORLD!
I WANT IT TO BE ABOUT GORE AND CORN-HOLING AND LESBIAN SEX. I WANT IT TO BE ABOUT LOVE PILLOWS. I WANT IT TO BE 100% PURE TROMA!
SO, WITHOUT FURTHER ADO, LET'S ENJOY THE TOXIC AVENGER AND OTHER TROMATIC TALES BY A HOST OF TALENTED CREATORS! IT'S 100% PURE TROMA!
=gurgle= Can I still do my "origin of Dolphinman" story?

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF

DANIEL ROBERT EPSTEIN

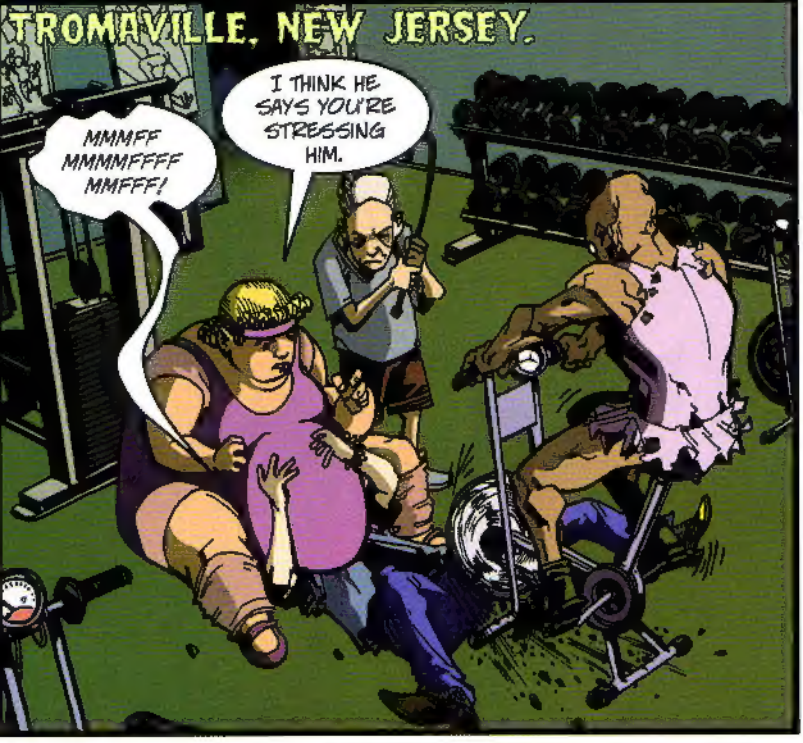
1976-2007

The Toxic Avenger: I heart Tromaville

WRITTEN BY IVAN BRANDON
ART BY ANDY MACDONALD
COLORS BY JOSEPH BAKER
LETTERED BY SCOTT BROWN

Welcome to TROMAVILLE, NEW JERSEY - a small American town, terrorized by criminals. The town's corrupt mayor sits idly by, while muggers, robbers and teenage punks victimize helpless citizens. Among the residents of Tromaville is MELVIN, a nerdy emaciated janitor at the local health club. That is, until he becomes THE TOXIC AVENGER! A gang of thugs devise a cruel hoax that goes horribly wrong as Melvin is cast through a third story window into a vat of hazardous toxic waste. However, an unexpected metamorphosis takes place. As the chemicals take hold of his body, Melvin turns into the TOXIC AVENGER, doer of good, and brutal mauler of evil! The rest, as they say, is history! The excitement is non-stop as the hero sets out to single handedly wipe out the forces of evil that torment the people of Tromaville. THE TOXIC AVENGER is non-stop entertainment that will leave the viewers glowing from the fun.

Written by Joe Ritter & Lloyd Kaufman. Directed by Lloyd Kaufman. Starring Andree Maranda, Mitchell Cohen, Pat Ryan Jr., Jennifer Baptist, Robert Pritchard, Cindy Manion, Gary Schneider and Mark Torgl


TROMAVILLE, NEW JERSEY.
MMMFF MMMMFFFF MMFFF!
I THINK HE SAYS YOU'RE STRESSING HIM.

CAN I GET UP NOW? I THINK HE VOMITED OR SOMETHING.
JUST A SECOND, MA'AM. MY HEART RATE'S NOT AT PEAK, YET.

SOON...
I COULDN'T KILL HIM ANYWAY, REALLY. I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT TODAY WITH A REALTOR IN THE CITY. HE'LL BE SCARED, BUT NONE THE WORSE FOR WEAR.

YOUR TURN, COME ON... UP YOU GO.

I HOPE WE'VE LEARNED A LESSON FROM THIS TODAY.

OH, NOW THAT SEEMS EXCESSIVE.
SNAP

YOU'RE A WISE AND LUCKY WOMAN, SARAH. I'VE GOT TO RUN AND GET THESE FILED. ENJOY THE NEW--
WHAT THE DEVIL?
OOOF
ISN'T IT SWELL? I KNOW IT'S A LOT OF MONEY, BUT MR. FITZ HERE SAYS THE VIEW IS WORTH TWICE THE PRICE IN THE CITY. I'VE NEVER BEEN SO HAPPY!
YEAH, IF ONLY YOU COULD SEE IT.
JUST A SECOND, BABY. I NEED TO THANK HIM IN THE HALL.
LATER...
HALF OFF???
AND...ER. .I'VE DECIDED TO...WAIVE MY COMMISION.
GEE, THEY ALWAYS SAID MANHATTAN COST AN ARM AND A LEG!
BONK!
THAT'S FUNNY. DON'T YOU HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOR?

GEE, TOXIE...I HEAR SO MUCH LIFE ALL AROUND ME! AND PEACEFUL. I NEVER THOUGHT NEW YORK CITY'D SOUND SO PEACEFUL!
KODAK
ALLSTAR
FUTRSAFE
MAYBE FOR ONCE YOU WON'T HAVE NO AVENGIN' TO DO.
YEAH, MAYBE....
NO AVENGING?!
MAP
WHAT KIND OF CITY IS THIS??

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING TO AVENGE....

CAN'T FIND THE CROSSWALK, JAYWALKER?

AGGGH!
IT'S RIGHT OVER THERE!

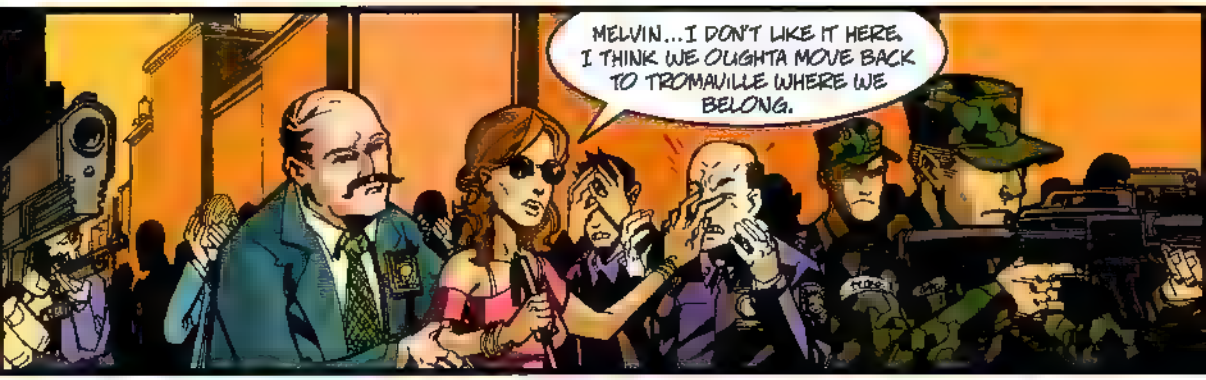
LATER...
QUARTERS ONLY!!!

LATER STILL...
stealing cable is a crime

I'LL DEFUSE THAT BOMB YOU'VE STRAPPED TO YOURSELF!
I SWEAR TO GOD, MISTER, HE'S JUST A BABY!
HEY!
A TURNSTILE JUMPER?!
SMASH

I FEEL UNCOMFORTABLE.
FREEZE, YOU CRAZY FREAK!
OH, COME ON, OFFICERS...HE'S FAKING!
I'M FROM OUT OF TOWN. THIS CITY TAKES A LOT OF GETTING USED TO!
IT WON'T HAPPEN...
...AGAIN.

HIYA.
MELVIN?!


MELVIN...I DON'T LIKE IT HERE. I THINK WE OUGHTA MOVE BACK TO TROMAVILLE WHERE WE BELONG.

ARE YOU SURE? WE CAN STAY IF YOU WANT!

LET'S GO HOME, BABY.

PHEW!

SONSABITCHES.
I MISSED YOU, PUNKS.
I COULD KISS YOU.

TROLL

Class of Nuke'Em High: Death Call For Cutie

WRITTEN BY BRENDAN HAY
ART BY BILL HAUSER
INKS BY FERNANDO PINTO
LETTERED BY JIM KEPLINGER

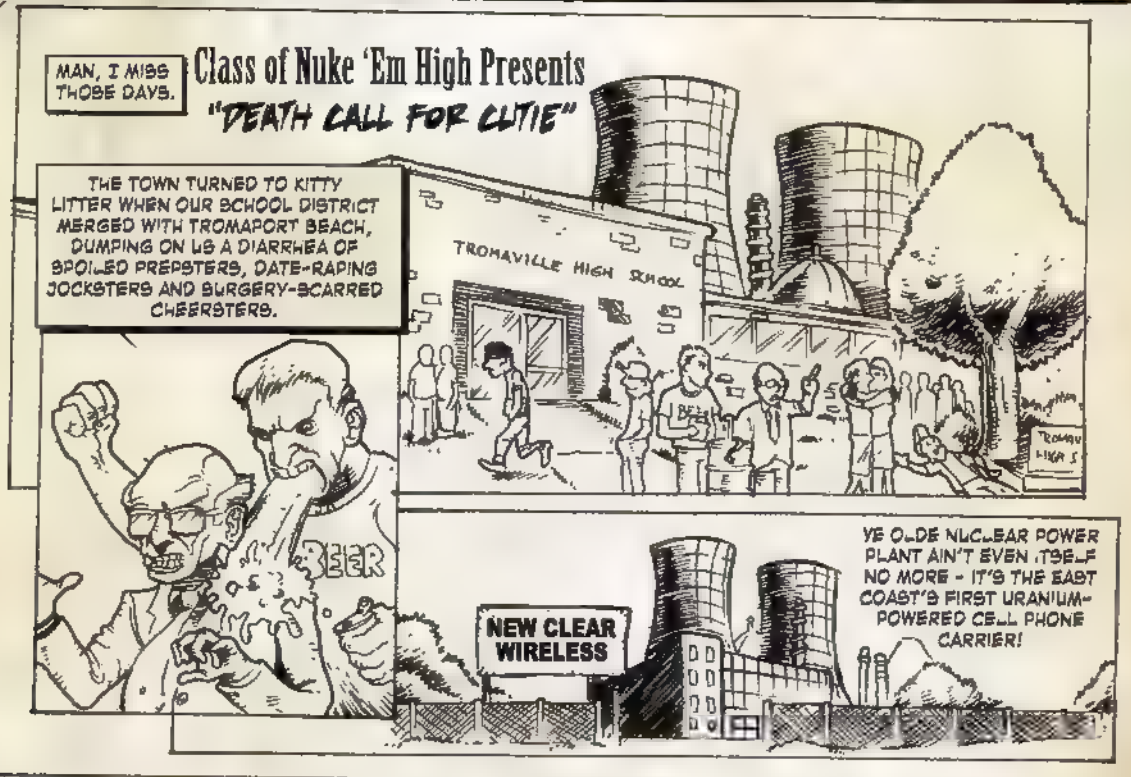
TROMA
50 YEARS
LIMITED EDITION COLLECTOR'S BOX SET
CLASS OF
Nuke'Em High
ONLY IN THIS BOX SET "CLASS OF NUKE EM HIGH PART 3" DVD PLUS COLLECTIBLE BUMPER STICKER & MANY MORE EXTRAS!
PARTS 1, 2, 3
THE COMPLETE SPILL-OGY

Class of Nuke'Em High is the timeless classic of readin', writin' and radiation! When first released in theaters in 1986, Class of Nuke'Em High became an instant sensation. Its unique blend of horror and humor was cheered by audiences and celebrated by critics. The film spawned two sequels and legions of fans.

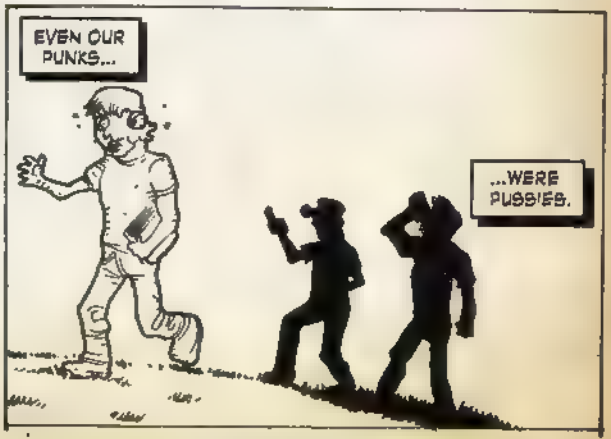
At Tromaville High School, located a stone's throw from the local Nuclear Power Plant, the students are getting brighter. In fact, they're beginning to develop a Troma-green glow. Innocent students mutate into sex-crazed psychos, the Honor Society's turned into carnivorous, kinky cretins, and the slimy monster stalking the hallways isn't the principal!

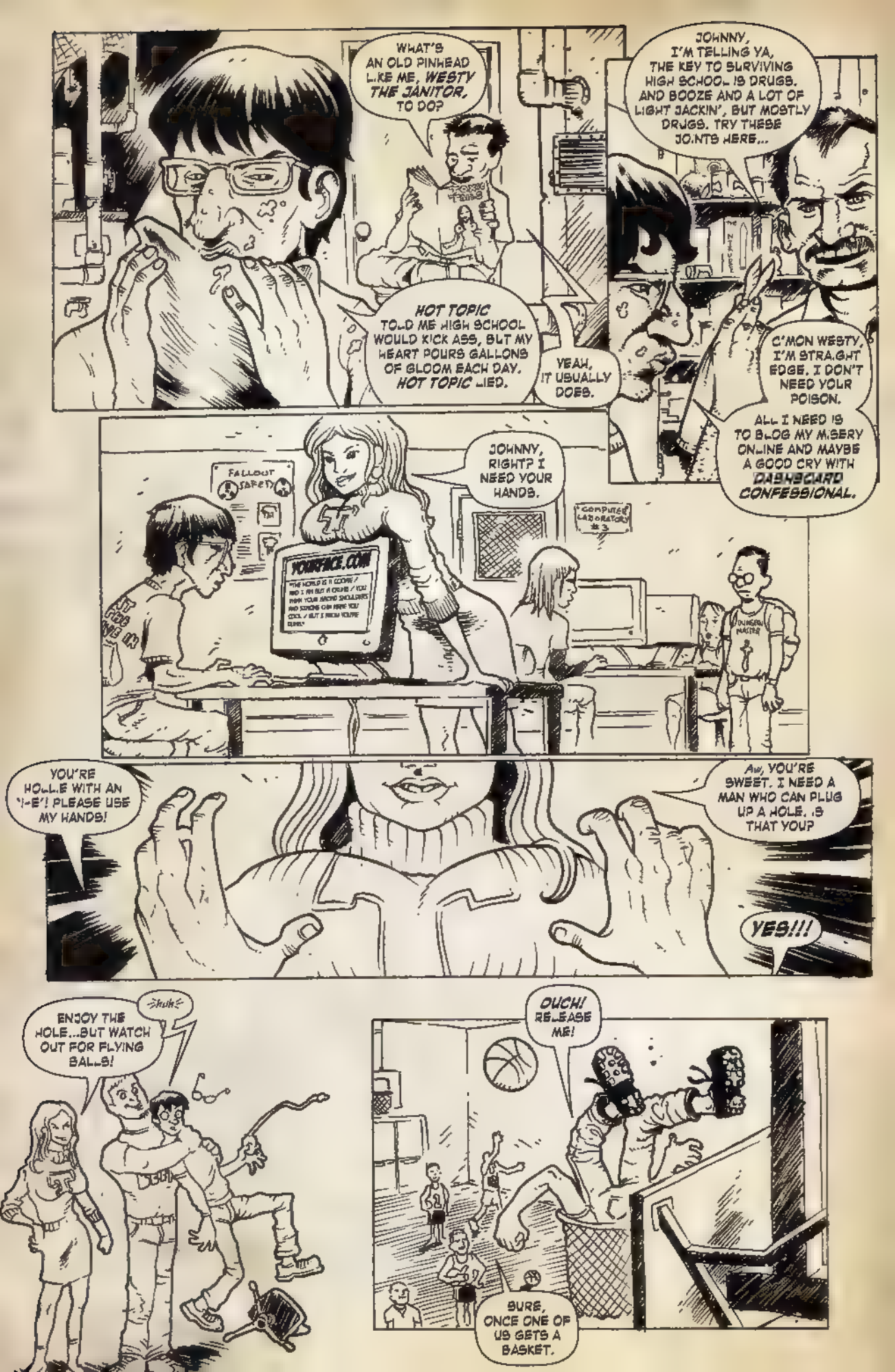
Written by Lloyd Kaufman, Richard W. Haines, Mark Rudnitsky and Stuart Strutin. Directed by Richard W. Haines & Lloyd Kaufman. Starring Janelle Brady, Gilbert Brenton, Robert Prichard, R.L. Ryna, James Nugent Vernon, Brad Dunker, Gary Schneider, Theo Cohan

20 YEARS AGO, TROMAVILLE WAS A TOWN WHERE EYEBALL-PIERCED CRETINS STOLE YOUR GRANDMA'S PANTIES, NERDY FREAKS TRIED TO EAT YOUR FACE, AND RADIOACTIVE SQUIRREL CRAP FLOODED THE STREETS. AFTER NEWARK, IT WAS THE JEWEL OF NEW JERSEY.
TROMAVILLE HIGH SCHOOL, 1986


MAN, I MISS THOSE DAYS.
Class of Nuke 'Em High Presents
"DEATH CALL FOR CUTIE"
THE TOWN TURNED TO KITTY LITTER WHEN OUR SCHOOL DISTRICT MERGED WITH TROMAPORT BEACH, DUMPING ON US A DIARRHEA OF SPOILED PREPSTERS, DATE-RAPING JOCKSTERS AND BURGERY-SCARRED CHEERSTERS.
TROMAVILLE HIGH SCHOOL
BEER
NEW CLEAR WIRELESS
YE OLDE NUCLEAR POWER PLANT AIN'T EVEN ITSELF NO MORE - IT'S THE EAST COAST'S FIRST URANIUM-POWERED CELL PHONE CARRIER!

TIME TO MAKE THE OOKIE COOKIE...
YES SIR, IT WAS TRULY A PEP RALLY OF THE DAMNED.


EVEN OUR PUNKS...
...WERE PUSSIES.


WHAT'S AN OLD PINHEAD LIKE ME, WESTY THE JANITOR, TO DO?
HOT TOPIC TOLD ME HIGH SCHOOL WOULD KICK ASS, BUT MY HEART POURS GALLONS OF GLOOM EACH DAY. HOT TOPIC LIED.
YEAH, IT USUALLY DOES.
JOHNNY, I'M TELLING YA, THE KEY TO SURVIVING HIGH SCHOOL IS DRUGS. AND BOOZE AND A LOT OF LIGHT JACKIN', BUT MOSTLY DRUGS. TRY THESE JOINTS HERE...
C'MON WESTY, I'M STRAIGHT EDGE. I DON'T NEED YOUR POISON.
ALL I NEED IS TO BLOG MY MISERY ONLINE AND MAYBE A GOOD CRY WITH DARKCHRD CONFESSIONAL.
JOHNNY, RIGHT? I NEED YOUR HANDS.
FALLOUT SHELTER
YOURFACE.COM
COMPUTER LABORATORY
DUNGEON MASTER
YOU'RE HOLE WITH AN 'I-E'! PLEASE USE MY HANDS!
Aw, YOU'RE SWEET. I NEED A MAN WHO CAN PLUG UP A HOLE. IS THAT YOU?
YES!!!
ENJOY THE HOLE...BUT WATCH OUT FOR FLYING BALLS!
Shuh
OUCH! RELEASE ME!
SURE, ONCE ONE OF US GETS A BASKET.

OK, HUMILIATION ROLL CALL. I WAS THE BASKETBALL TEAM'S BACKBOARD. WHO'S GOT ME BEAT?
POUNDED WITH BLOODY MAXI PADS.
COMPUTER MOUSE SHOVED UP MY ASS ...ALMOST.
DUCT TAPED TO A CHAIR, THROWN IN A CLOSET AND SUBJECTED TO CHINESE WATER TORTURE.
OK, JO WINS.
MY UNCLE, THE ONE WHO WORKS ON THE GARBAGE BARGE, SAYS BACK IN HIS DAY PUNKS LIKE US USED TO BEAT UP THE JOCKS!
I'D SAY WE SHOULD TOO, BUT IF I BREAK MY HAND I CAN'T PLAY KEYBOARD ANYMORE.
WHATEVS, GLEN...WE CAN'T FIGHT BACK. THOSE PREPSTERS GOT BETTER EVERYTHING -
BETTER CARS, BETTER BANK ACCOUNTS, EVEN THOSE NEW CELL PHONE-SLASH-PORTABLE MUSIC PLAYER BRAIN IMPLANTS, CREATED BY NEW CLEAR WIRELESS AND GOING ONLINE TODAY.
FACE IT DEE DEE, LIFE SUCKS. WE MIGHT AS WELL BUY WESTY'S DRUGS AND JUST DIE.
DID SOMEONE SAY DRUGS?
JUST SAY "NO", WESTY.

LATER THAT DAY, NEXT DOOR AT NEW CLEAR WIRELESS...
BOSS SAYS IT'S TIME TO LAUNCH THE BRAIN IMPLANTED CELL PHONE SIGNAL, AL.
COOL, SAL. HE TELL YOU HOW MUCH JUICE I'M SUPPOSED TO PUT INTO THAT SIGNAL?
WHAT DO I LOOK LIKE, A FUCKING GEIGER COUNTER? JUST TURN ON THE NUKE JUICE, AND LET THESE RICH BITCHES TALK MIND-TO-MIND.
FAIR ENOUGH. AIN'T NOTHING EVER GONE WRONG FROM TOO MUCH NUCLEAR POWER.

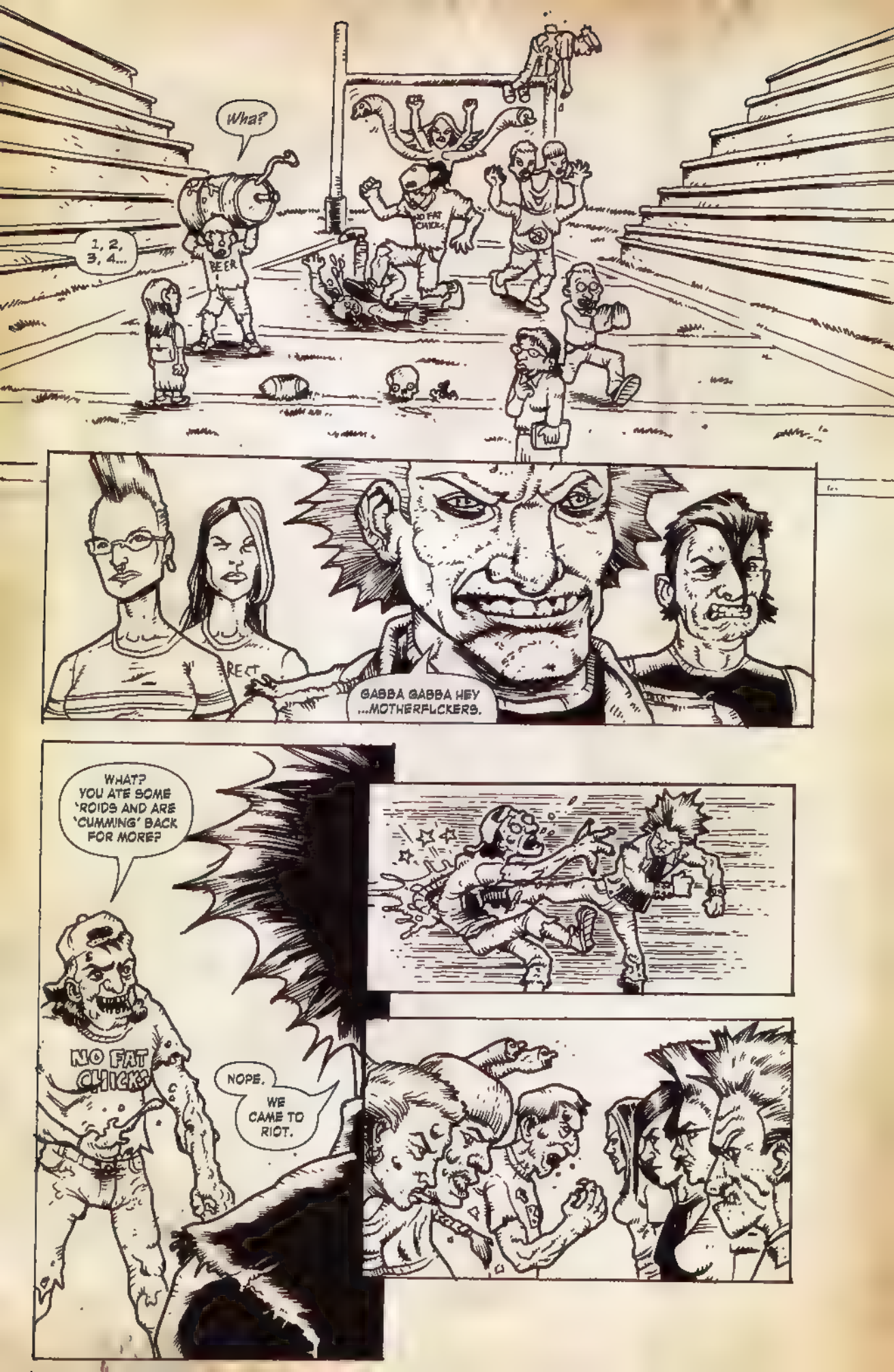
ARGH....PPPUUUPPPEEEE!!!
MY BRAIN HURTS!
NIGGERS 101
Welcome to TROMAVILLE
WHAT THE FUCK?
DON'T KNOW, BUT I LIKE WHO .T'S HAPPENING TO.
YEAH, MAYBE IT'S GOOD WE COULDN'T AFFORD THOSE BRAIN PHONE/PODS.
SON, ARE YOU OK?
BEER
HARUGGHH!
ER

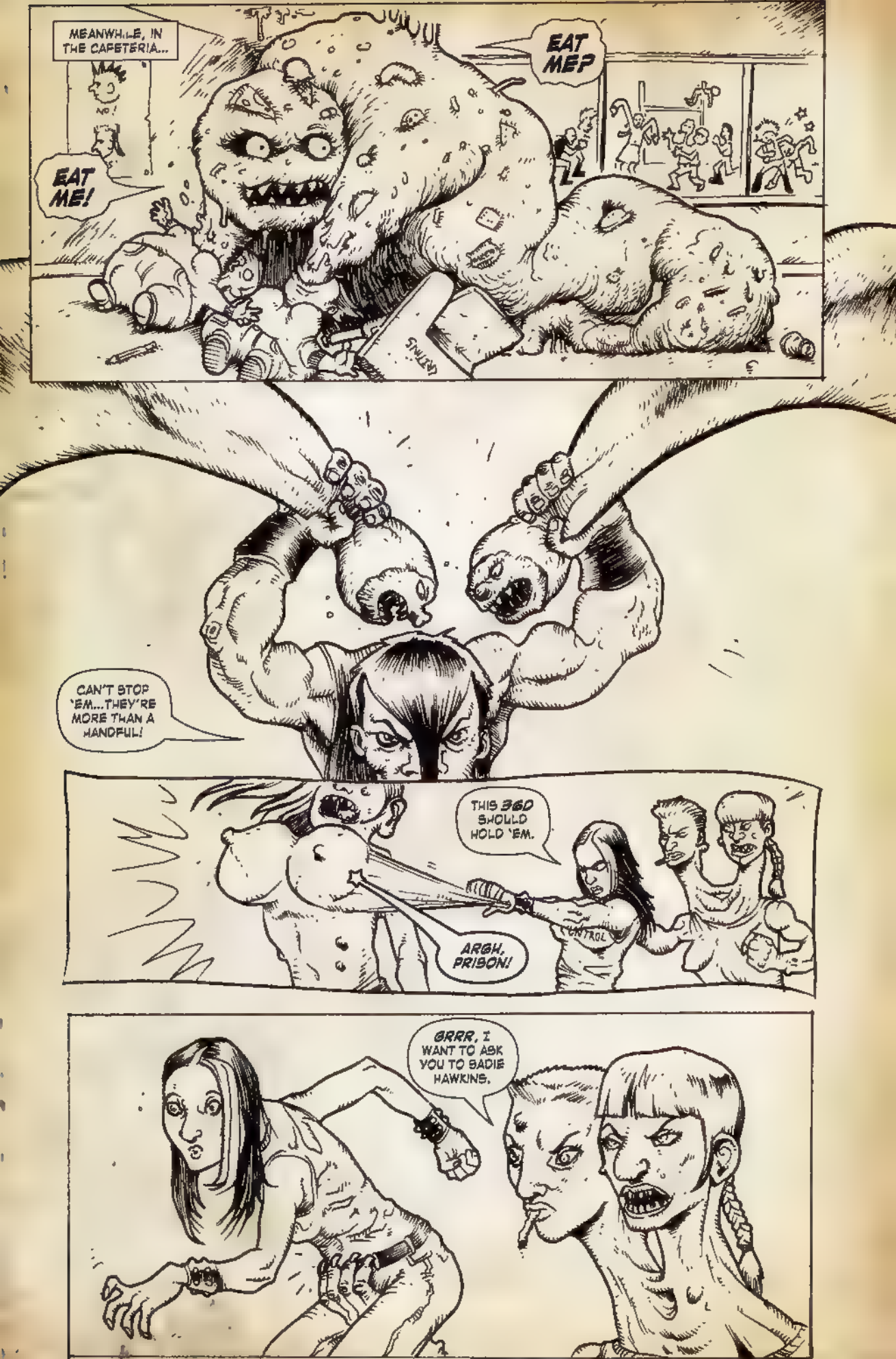
BEER
NO FAT CHICKS
AT THE DRIVE
HOLY SHIT...
WHAT'S WRONG CAPTAIN EMO?
WANT A TASTE?
Ew, HE'S TRYING TO RUB US OUT BY RUBBING ONE OUT!
OH NO, THE LIPSTICKS LESBIANS HAVE GONE BUTCH!
Urgh...WANNA SEE ANI DIFRANCO WITH US?
AH! THEY'RE ALIVE!
NOBODY WANTS TO SEE ANI DIFRANCO!

HISS! WHO WANTS HEAVY PETTING?
ROAR! I GOT NIPPLE KISSES FOR YOU!
GUYS, THAT'S JUST WRONG.
NO MORE GAWKING! TO THE HALLWAY!
LOVE YOUR FREE BOOZE
MAN, SCHOOL'S OUT... OF ITS MIND!
NOT EVEN TAKING BACK SUNDAY WROTE A SONG ANGRY ENOUGH TO CAPTURE THIS CARNAGE!
FREE MOUSTACHE RIDES
FRIENDS, I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT WITH SHIT THIS FUCKED UP...
THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE TO TURN: WESTY. LET'S FIND HIM!

MEANWHILE, IN THE CAFETERIA...
:huh:
EAT ME!
AAH! FOOD!

I CAN'T BELIEVE I JUST SAW THAT PREPSTER DRY HUMP SOMEONE TO DEATH.
WESTY, PLEASE! WE NEED DRUGS TO HELP US SURVIVE THESE HALLWAYS!
WELCOME ABOARD.
THESE BLUNTS ARE AN UPGRADED BLEND OF A STASH THAT'S BEEN SAVING TROMAVILLE SINCE 1986.
THANK YOU. WE JUST LIGHT AND SUCK, RIGHT?
YUP. YOU'RE MAKING AN OLD MAN HAPPY.
I THINK I'M FEELING IT...
WHOA! MOMMY, CAN I GO OUT AND KILL TONIGHT?
O!!
WHAT'S HAPPENING?
FUCK BLOGGING. FUCK FUSE.
IT'S TIME FOR US TO LAY DOWN SOME REAL DO-IT-YOURSELF SHIT. WHO'S IN?


What?
1, 2, 3, 4...
BEER
NO FAT CHICKS
GABBA GABBA HEY ...MOTHERFUCKERS.
WHAT? YOU ATE SOME 'ROIDS AND ARE 'CUMMING' BACK FOR MORE?
NO FAT CHICKS
NOPE.
WE CAME TO RIOT.


MEANWHILE, IN THE CAFETERIA...
NO!
EAT ME!
EAT ME?
CAN'T STOP 'EM... THEY'RE MORE THAN A HANDFUL!
THIS 360 SHOULD HOLD 'EM.
ARGH, PRISON!
GRRR, I WANT TO ASK YOU TO SADIE HAWKINS.

"SWEET LITTLE GIRL, DEE DEE DOESN'T WANT TO BE YOUR GIRLFRIEND!"
DUDE, GIVE UP. YOU DON'T KNOW PAIN. I PLAY VARSITY FOOTBALL.
OH, I KNOW PAIN...
I LISTEN TO EMO!
ENGLISH DOGS
JO, HOW SHARP'S THAT MOHAWK?
RAZORBLADE.
THEN CUT HIM.

BEER
THE PREPSTERS ARE FLEEING!
THANK YOU, DRUGS!
EAT ME!
FUCK NO, I'M A VEGETARIAN.
WHAT DO WE DO? PUNKS DON'T EAT FOOD.
PUNKS NEVER EVEN HAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY FOOD!
DON'T WORRY...
I GOT THIS ONE.
WESTY, UH, WHY ARE YOU TAKING YOUR CLOTHES OFF?

HOLY SHIT! IT'S TROMIE, TROMAVILLE'S RADIOACTIVE SQUIRREL!
I THOUGHT HE WAS JUST A SUBURBAN LEGEND!
CHIRP CHIRP CHIRP
<I'M REAL; I WAS JUST UNDERCOVER TO SAVE TROMAVILLE!>
WESTY
YOU KNOW, WHAT WITH THE MUTANT PREPSTERS, FOOD BLOBS, NUCLEAR CELL PHONES, AND DRUGS THAT TURN US INTO CRETINS...
TRASH 'EM TROMIE!
...HIGH SCHOOL IS FINALLY STARTING TO KICK ASS!
YES, BUT OUR WORK'S NOT DONE.
WE'VE SAVED TROMAVILLE FROM JOCKS AND CHEERLEADERS, BUT WE STILL NEED TO RESCUE MAINSTREAM RADIO, MAIM GOOD CHARLOTTE, NAPALM LAGUNA BEACH, DESTROY HOT TOPIC.
TOMAVILLE HIGH SCHOOL
COOL, BUT CAN WE GET STEAL SOME MOTORCYCLES FIRST?
I WANT TO R.O.T IN STYLE.
FUCK YEAH, DEE DEE. FUCK YEAH.
THE END

Rabid Grannies Vs. Beware! Children At Play

WRITTEN BY CRANK!
PENCILED BY JOSH MEDORS
INKS BY PATRICK BROWER
COLORS BY ANDREW RITCHIE
LETTERED BY CRANK!

Grannies are the greatest. They bake pies, tell stories and take you to the zoo. They don't ask for an arm and a leg in return. THEY WANT YOUR WHOLE BODY!

It's off to grandmother's house we go for Rabid Grannies, the blood-splattered tale of two little old ladies who open a surprise package from Hell. Out slithers a mysterious fog that turns the grannies into ghouls who can't wait to sink their dentures into human flesh. Luckily for them, they have a houseful of juicy guests. Unluckily for their guests, these bone-crunching battle-axes just can't get filled up. RABID GRANNIES - these biddies bite!

Written & Directed by Emmanuel Kervyn. Starring Danielle Daven, Anne Marie Fox, Jack Mayar, Elliot Lison and introducing Francoise Moens as Rachel

BEWARE! Children at Play Childhood used to be about jumping rope and playing hopscotch...but in one little backwoods town it's now about slitting throats and eating flesh! While visiting Tromaville, the DeWolfe family discover a terrifying secret. Godfearing parents panic as their children mysteriously disappear. Little do they know that only thing worse than their children disappearing would be them coming back! Lured into a cannibalistic cult, doe-eyed innocents are transformed into mindless killing machines. Parents and children face off in the most stomach churning finale of mutilated flesh to bloody the screen

Written by Fred Scharkey. Directed by Mik Cribben. Starring Michael Robinson, Rich Hamilton, Robin Lilly

OCTOBER 31ST, HALLOWEEN IN TROMAVILLE...
IT'S PRETTY MUCH WHAT YOU'D EXPECT.
trick or treat!!
LAUGHING KIDS, SMILING ADULTS, BRIGHT COSTUMES, CANDY...
BLOOD, GUTS, KNIVES...
AIIIIEEE

BUT HALLOWEEN IN TROMAVILLE...
IS WHERE THE TRICKSTERS GET A TRICK.
trick or treat!!
KILLER ON THE LOOSE!!
666
trick or...?!?

GRAAAAHH!

HISSSSSS!

SPLURT!

GNAW!

SLICE!

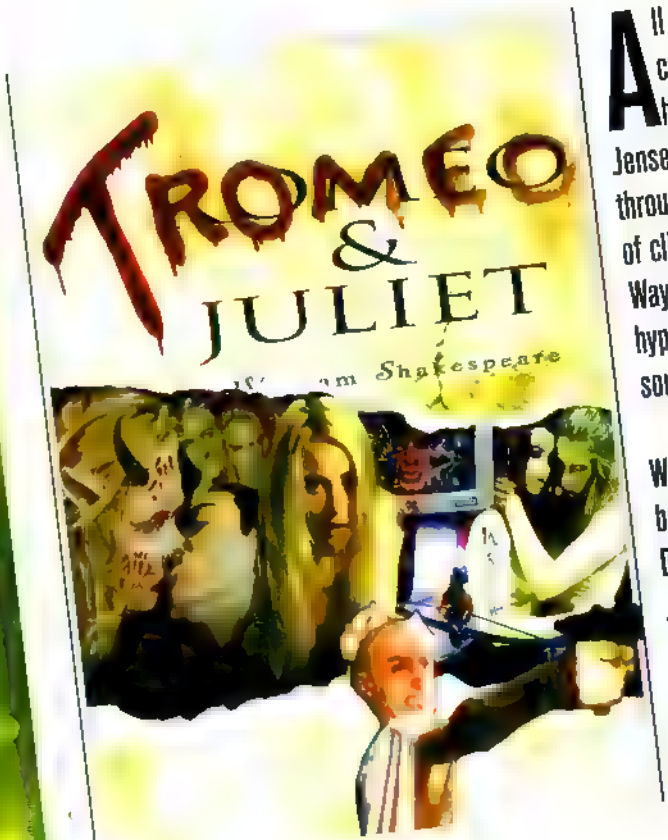
POKE!

MAN... THIS STREET HAS THE BEST HALLOWEEN DECORATIONS.

"RABID GRANNIES, BEWARE! CHILDREN AT PLAY ...": J. MEDORS, P. BROWER, A. RITCHIE AND CRANK!

Tromeo and Juliet: Ancient Intern

WRITTEN BY DANIEL ROBERT EPSTEIN
ART BY SZYMON KUDRANSKI
LETTERED BY BRIAN J. CROWLEY



All the body-piercing, kinky sex, and car crashes that Shakespeare wanted but never had! Join Tromeo (Will Keenan), Juliet (Jane Jensen), and Lemmy of Motorhead as they travel through Manhattan's underground in search of climactic love, violence, and the American Way. Tromeo and Juliet is thrust forward with hyper-kinetic performances and a cutting-edge soundtrack

Written by James Gunn and Lloyd Kaufman, based on the play by William Shakespeare. Directed by Lloyd Kaufman. Starring Jane Jenson, Will Keenan, Valentine Miele, Steve Gibbons, Sean Gunn, Joe Fleishaker Lemmy and Debbie Rochon as "Ness"

THE SET. SOMEWHERE CHEAP.
TROMA
TROMA OLD SHIT AND FILM SET
SEX DRUGS BLOOD
ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER
FILMING OF TROMEO AND JULIET. DAY 4.
TROMEO
LLOYD KAUFMAN
JAMES GUNN
FANNY BALDWIN
DAMMIT JAMES, I JUST CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY THE HELL THIS MOVIE JUST DOESN'T FEEL LIKE A REAL TROMA MOVIE.
ALL I CAN TELL YOU LLOYD IS WHAT MY MOTHER USED TO SAY TO ME WHEN I WAS FIVE YEARS OLD.
"IF YOU EVER WORK FOR TROMA, I'LL BEAT YOU WITHIN AN INCH OF YOUR LIFE."
SEX

SORRY JAMES, BUT HEROIN, GRAIN ALCOHOL, PAINT THINNER AND POT JUST DON'T MIX.
LLOYD, SOMEONE HAS TO SIT IN THIS WAREHOUSE OVERNIGHT TO MAKE SURE THAT NOTHING GETS FUCKED UP. IT'S DANGEROUS BECAUSE NONE OF THE DOORS AND WINDOWS LOCK, BUT WE DON'T HAVE MONEY TO PAY FOR IT.
JESUS CHRIST. THIS ISN'T MY JOB TO FIGURE OUT!
SNIFF SNIFF
OH, DON'T WORRY, FANNY. WE DON'T HAVE TO PAY ANYONE TO WATCH THE WAREHOUSE; THAT'S WHY WE HAVE P.A.s.
UM, I'M SICK.
STEVE BARNS, PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
BLAM!
BLARGH
HMMM, THIS IS HARDER THAN I THOUGHT.

WAIT A SECOND!
WHO'S THE FAT JEW THAT THINKS HE'S A SEX MACHINE WITH ALL THE CHICKS?
EPSTEIN!
EPSTEIN, COME HERE! I NEED YOU!
EPSTEEIIN!
EPSTEEIIN!
SNIFF SNIFF
ACCESS TO DEBBIE ROCHON'S PANTY WARDROBE ALMOST MAKES UP FOR THE LACK OF PAY AND CRAPPY HOURS.
COMING!
DANIEL ROBERT EPSTEIN, TROMA INTERN

I'LL JUST CUT THROUGH THE "TERROR FIRMER" SET.
HEY RON!
EPSTEIN?
OH SH--
TRIP
FANNY, I CAN SEE YOUR RELIGION FROM DOWN HERE!
ED. NOTE: MAKE SURE TO TELL SZYMON NOT TO DRAW A BIG GLISTENING VAGINA HERE.
TOO LATE! HA HA HA! -LLOYD.
MAAAAN, TIME FOR A DOUCHE FANNY!
DID YOU GUYS WANT TO SEE ME?
HEY DAN, WE NEED SOMEONE TO WATCH THE SET ALL NIGHT.
THIS IS FINE, BUT WHERE AM I GOING TO SLEEP?
SLEEP? DO YOU KNOW WHAT I AM GOING TO DO RIGHT NOW? I AM GOING HOME TO WORK ON THIS SCRIPT ALL NIGHT AND TRY TO MAKE IT THE BEST TROMA MOVIE SINCE "THE WEDDING PARTY".
LLOYD'S DEAD HOOKERS
THEN AFTER THAT I'M GOING TO BE ROLLING AROUND IN A PILE OF MONEY, AND THEN MY BUTLER WILL CHANGE MY DIAPER-- BUT I CONSIDER THAT WORK.
JON! I NEED A RIDE HOME NOW!
FASTER!
YA! MULE!

OK! WILL I NEED WEAPONS TO PROTECT THE SET, MAYBE LIKE THIS?
I DON'T THINK YOU'LL BE UNDER SIEGE THERE, DEAN MARTIN. BUT WE DON'T HAVE ANYTHING YOU CAN EAT. THERE'S SOME INKA CO..A N THE WAREHOUSE KITCHEN.
JUST DON'T DRINK TOO MUCH. IT'S LOADED WITH A LOT OF SUGAR.
TAKE THE KEY, EPSTEIN.
SOON
HA! HEE! HA! HEE! HEE! HA!
VROOOOOOOM!
CRASH!
NEVER OPEN THIS BOX
CREEEEEEEEEEK!
Wee wee wee wee wee wee!
OOOH... HEH, HEE--HA! HA! SOOO MUCH MEXICAN CAFFEINE!
SCREEEEEEEE
CRASH!
NEVER OPEN THIS BOX
UH OH...

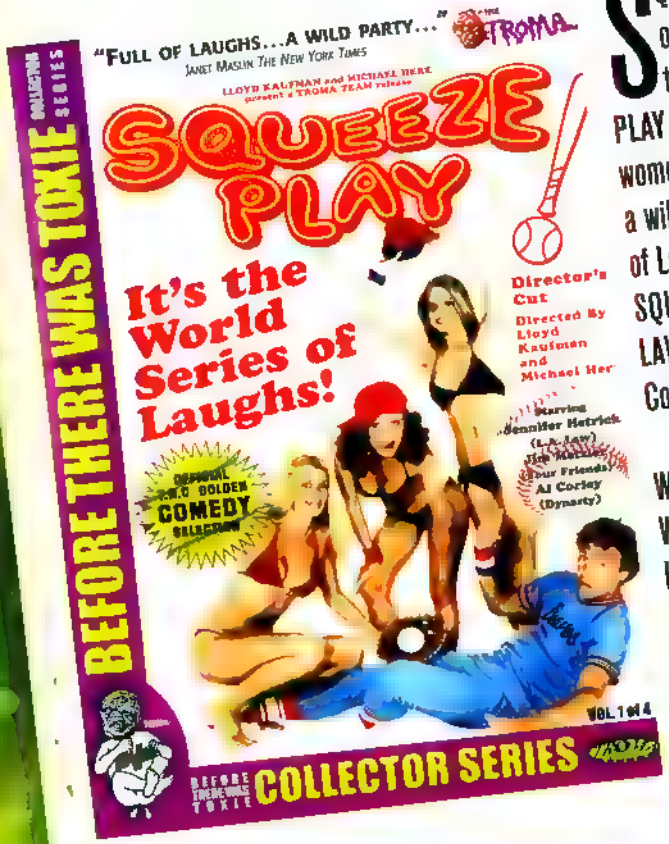
HUH... I THOUGHT I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE HERE ALONE?
OH NO! IT'S ANCIENT INTERN OF EVIL!
LLOYD'S NOT HERE. WHEN HE GETS BACK I'LL HOLD HIM DOWN WHILE YOU KILL HIM!
I DON'T THINK THIS GUY WILL JUST BE HAPPY WITH KILLING AND RAPING LLOYD.
FSSHHHHHHH
KITCHEN

I'VE GOT TO GET THIS FUCKER OUT OF HERE BEFORE HE DESTROYS THE SET.
ME HUNGRY. NEED FOOD!
YOU'RE GOING DOWN, EVIL INTERN!
BOOF!
BONK!
ME EAT TOO MUCH!
BLARGH
BLARGH
WHUD
HA HA! SLIP ON PUKE, NOW MAKE SEXYTIME!
MAN, I SHOULD HAVE INTERNED AT THE OXYGEN NETWORK.

THE NEXT MORNING ..
OH, LORD...
WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED HERE?
ANCIENT INTERN.
THIS GUY KNOWS HOW TO PARTY... 'BOUT A FAT INTERN SANDWICH?
...HOW
AAAAAH!
AN OCEAN OF PUKE...
TWO FAT NAKED FREAKS JERKING OFF ON THE FLOOR...
NOW IT FINALLY LOOKS LIKE A TROMA MOVIE!
THE END.

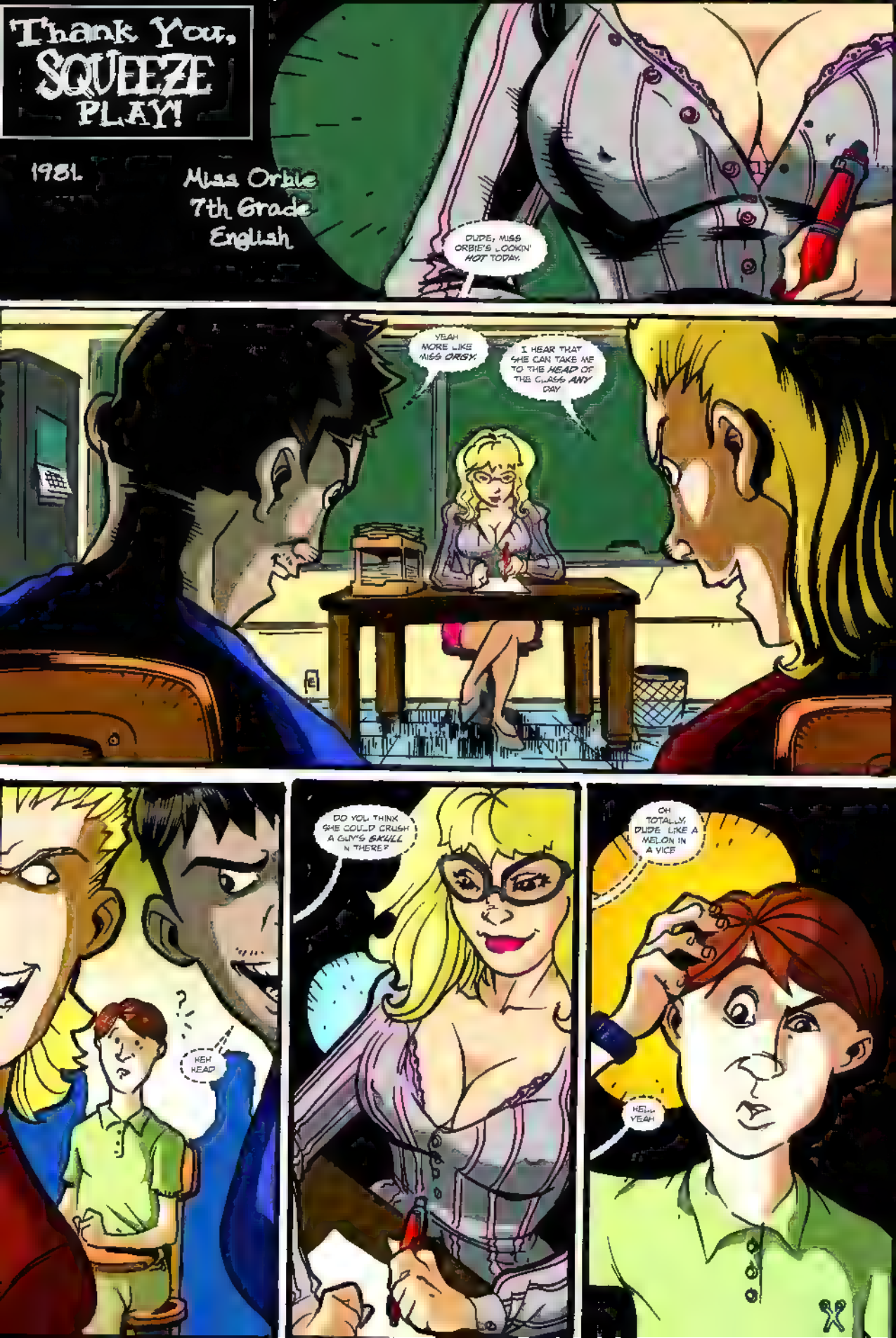
Squeeze Play: Thank You, Squeeze Play

WRITTEN BY SEAN McKEEVER
ART BY FERNANDO PINTO
COLORS BY JOESPH BAKER
LETTERED BY BRIAN J. CROWLEY

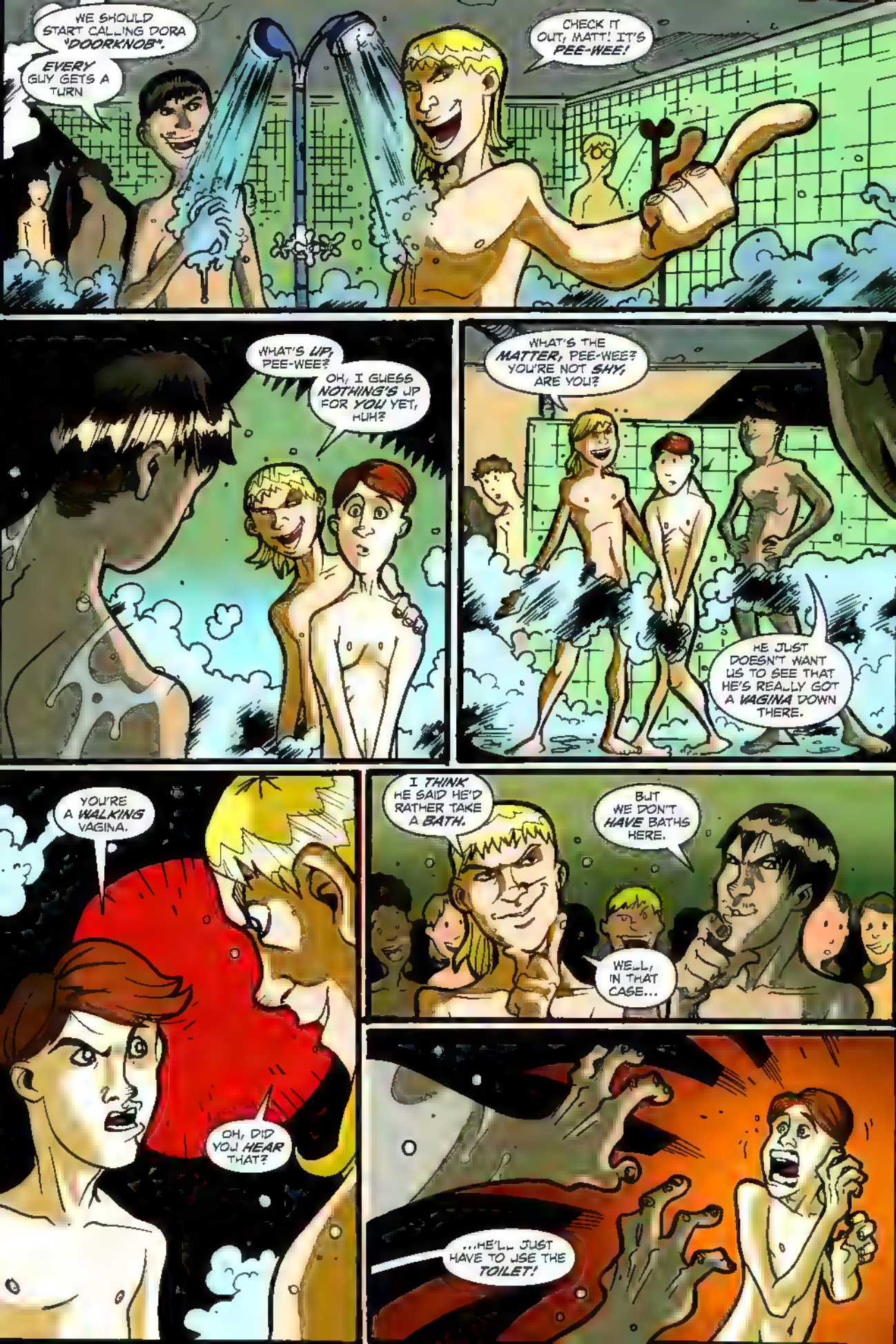

"FULL OF LAUGHS...A WILD PARTY..."
JANET MASLIN THE NEW YORK TIMES
TROMA
LLOYD KAUFMAN and MICHAEL HERZ
SQUEEZE PLAY
It's the World Series of Laughs!
Director's Cut
Directed By Lloyd Kaufman and Michael Her
Starring Jennifer Hetrick (L.A. Law) Jim Metzler (Four Friends) Al Corley (Dynasty)
ORIGINAL R.W.C. GOLDEN COMEDY COLLECTION
BEFORE THERE WAS TOXIE COLLECTION SERIES
BEFORE THERE WAS TOXIE COLLECTOR SERIES
VOL. 1 N 4

SQUEEZE PLAY is the first and most seminal of the sexy comedies of the late 70's. Before there was PORKY'S, there was SQUEEZE PLAY , a hilarious, raunchy comedy about a women's softball team where anything goes. It's a wild battle of the sexes as the "World Series of Laughs" heats up on and off the softball field. SQUEEZE PLAY stars Jennifer Hetrick (L.A. LAW), Jim Metzler (FOUR FRIENDS) and Al Corley (DYNASTY)!!!

Written by Haim Pekelis. Directed by Samuel Weil aka Lloyd Kaufman. Starring Jenni Hetrick, Jim Harris, Diana Valentien, Helen Campitelli, Sonya Jennings, Melissa Michaels, Rick Giltin, and Alford Corley


Thank You, SQUEEZE PLAY!
1981.
Miss Orbie
7th Grade
English
DUDE, MISS ORBIE'S LOOKIN' HOT TODAY.
YEAH MORE LIKE MISS ORBY.
I HEAR THAT SHE CAN TAKE ME TO THE HEAD OF THE CLASS ANY DAY
?
KEH HEAD
DO YOU THINK SHE COULD CRUSH A GUY'S SKULL N THERE?
OH TOTALLY, DUDE LIKE A MELON IN A VICE
HEH... YEAH

BOYS
BERNIE... DO YOU KNOW WHAT AN ORGY IS?
PFF! YEAH! OF COURSE.
IT'S A... IT'S A SEX TERM, DIOT.
I KNOW THAT, BUT WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
IT'S JUST ANOTHER WORD FOR VAGINA.
HUH. I GUESS THAT MAKES SENSE...
WHAT ABOUT "HEAD"?
JESUS, ALEX. YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING, DO YOU?
HEY, WAIT!
DON'T MAKE ME GO IN THERE ALONE.


WE SHOULD START CALLING DORA "DOORKNOB".
EVERY GUY GETS A TURN
CHECK IT OUT, MATT! IT'S PEE-WEE!
WHAT'S UP, PEE-WEE?
OH, I GUESS NOTHING'S UP FOR YOU YET, HUH?
WHAT'S THE MATTER, PEE-WEE? YOU'RE NOT SHY, ARE YOU?
HE JUST DOESN'T WANT US TO SEE THAT HE'S REALLY GOT A VAGINA DOWN THERE.
YOU'RE A WALKING VAGINA.
OH, DID YOU HEAR THAT?
I THINK HE SAID HE'D RATHER TAKE A BATH.
BUT WE DON'T HAVE BATHS HERE.
WELL, IN THAT CASE...
...HE'LL JUST HAVE TO USE THE TOILET!

MORE LIKE MISS ORGY.
...LIKE A MELON IN A VICE.
REALLY GOT A VAGINA DOWN THERE.
...YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING.
SHHH!
NEXT ON CINEMAX...

SQUEEZE PLAY!
I DON'T WANT FRED TO LOVE ME FOR MY...
YOU KNOW...
FIRST ANNUAL
WET T-SHIRT CONTEST!
WE'RE GONNA HAVE A T-SHIRT CONTEST!
NOT AN ORDINARY T-SHIRT CONTEST, BUT A WET T-SHIRT CONTEST!

PEE-WEE! HEY, DUDE, HOW'D YOU LIKE YOUR BATH YESTERDAY?
YEAH, HOW'D YOU LIKE IT, PEE-WEE?
?
!
ALEX! HEY, MAN!
SORRY I DIDN'T HELP.
THOSE GUYS WOULDA BEAT THE CRAP OUTTA ME. AGAIN.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.
ARE YOU SURE?!
REALLY, BERNIE, I'M FINE. BETTER THAN EVER.
SEE YA.

EXCUSE ME, ALEX?
COULD YOU BE A DEAR AND WATER MY FUCHSIAS FOR ME?
UH... YEAH... OF COURSE...
HERE YOU GO, DARLING.
THANKS AGAIN.
SURE...

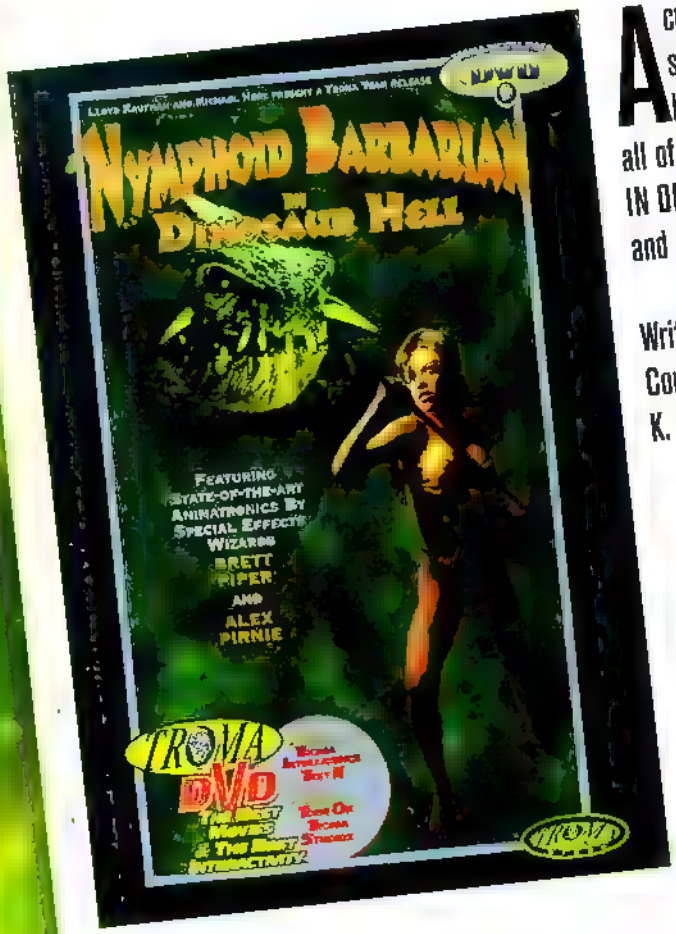
NOW, CLASS, WHO CAN TELL ME WHAT LONGFELLOW WAS--
SPLOOSH!
EEEEEEEE!

--LITTLE BRAT EVER SHOWS HIS FACE IN MY CLASSROOM AGAIN, I SWEAR--
--IN THE WORLD EVER LED YOU TO BELIEVE YOUR BEHAVIOR WAS APPROPRIATE--
--DID NOT RAISE A PERVERT SO LET ME TELL YOU, MISTER, YOU ARE IN SO MUCH TROUBLE!
NEVER MIND THE SUSPENSION-- YOU WAIT UNTIL YOUR FATHER--
CAPTAIN AMERICA

ALEX! DOOR!
THEY SAID THEY'RE FRIENDS OF YOURS.
I TOLD THEM YOU'RE GROUNDED SO YOU CAN'T TALK VERY LONG.
YOU'RE KIDDING ME. COME ON, GUYS, CAN'T YOU JUST LEAVE ME--
NO, MAN, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND...
WE KNOW YOU'RE IN ALL THIS TROUBLE AND STUFF, BUT WHAT YOU DID...
WE CAME HERE TO THANK YOU. YOU'RE OUR GOD, MAN.
YEAH, MAN.
OUR FUCKING GOD.
THE END.

A Nymphoid Barbarian in Dinosaur Hell: Dinosaur Daydream

WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY TIM SEELEY
LETTERED BY BRIAN J. CROWLEY

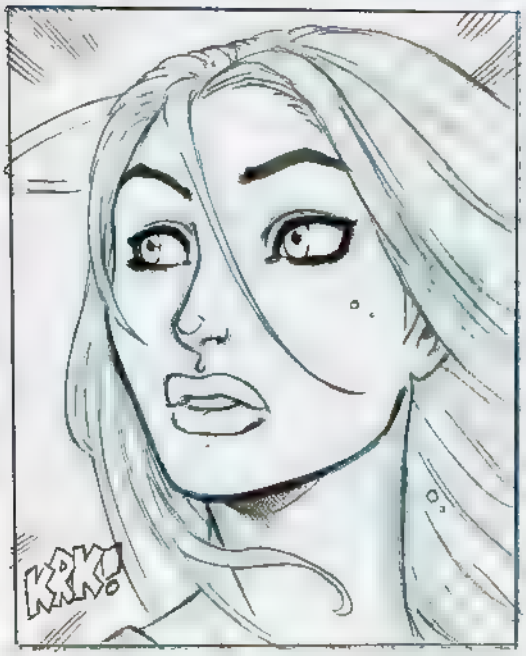

NOW ON DVD
NYMPHOID BARBARIAN IN DINOSAUR HELL
FEATURING STATE-OF-THE-ART ANIMATRONICS BY SPECIAL EFFECTS WIZARDS BRETT PIPER AND ALEX PIRNIE
TROMA DVD

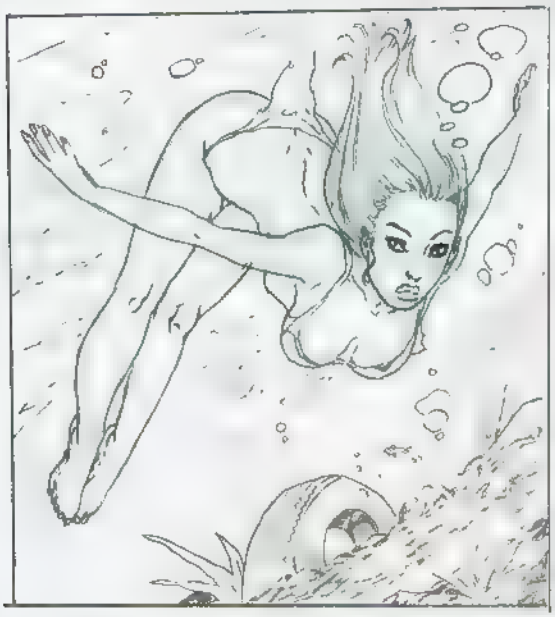
Across a hostile landscape, humans battle for supremacy against mutants. Deadly dinosaurs have arisen from a nuclear holocaust, and all of them are hot for A NYMPHOID BARBARIAN IN DINOSAUR HELL! She's the last woman alive and she's wanted by man and mutant alike!

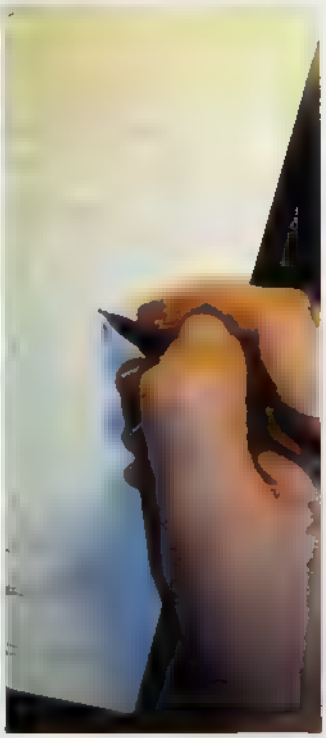
Written & Directed by Brett Piper. Starring Linda Corwin, Paul Guzzi, Alex Pirnie, Mark Deshaies K. Alan Hodder, Scott Ferro, and Ryan Pipe

BOOK NYMPHOID ISSUE 1 PG. # 1
KEEP ALL LETTERING INSIDE OF BROKEN-LINE BOX

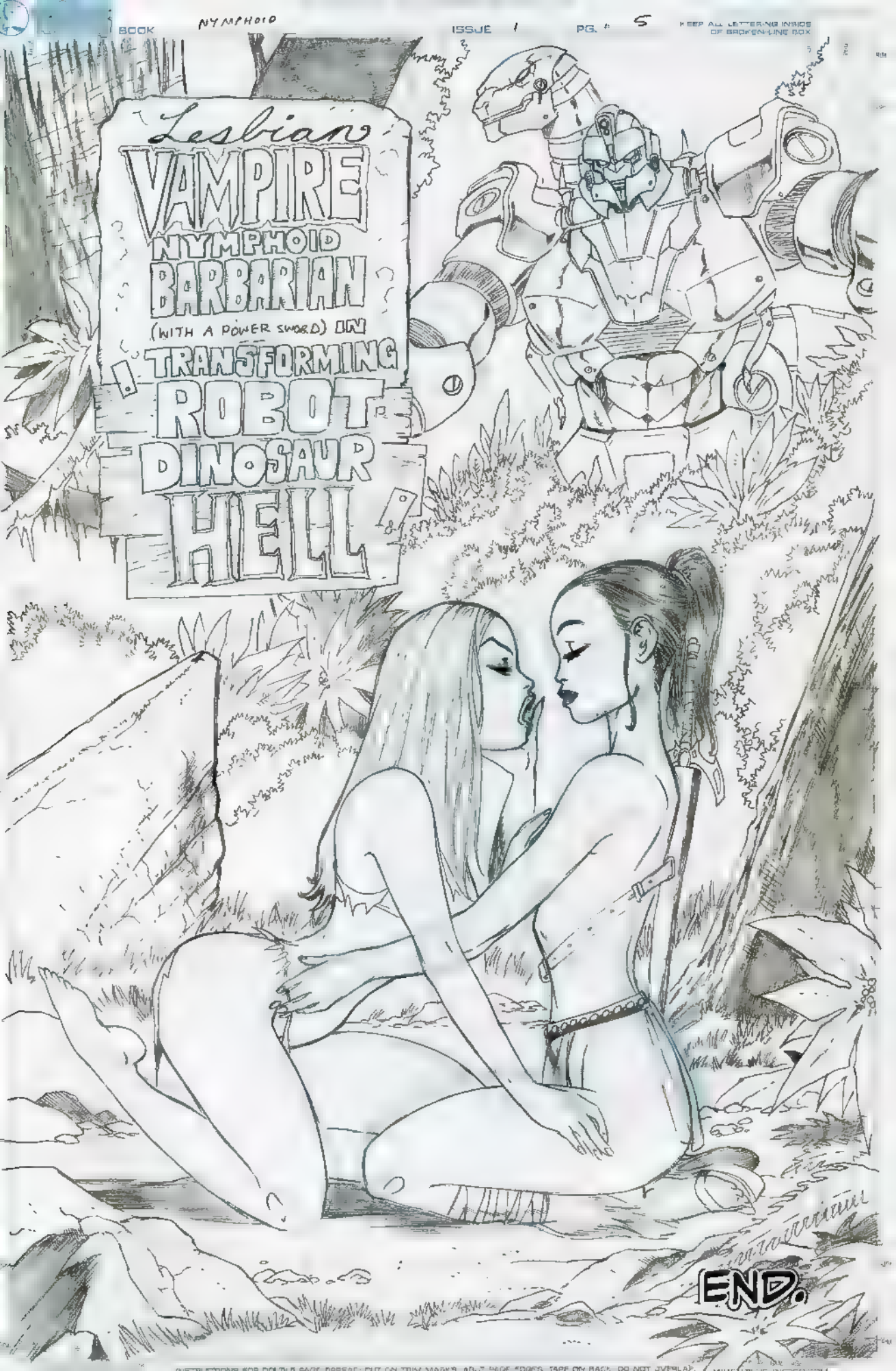
INSTRUCTIONS FOR DOUBLE PAGE SPREAD: CUT ON TRIM MARKS, ADJT PAGE EDGES, TAPE ON BACK. DO NOT OVERLAP


KIK!



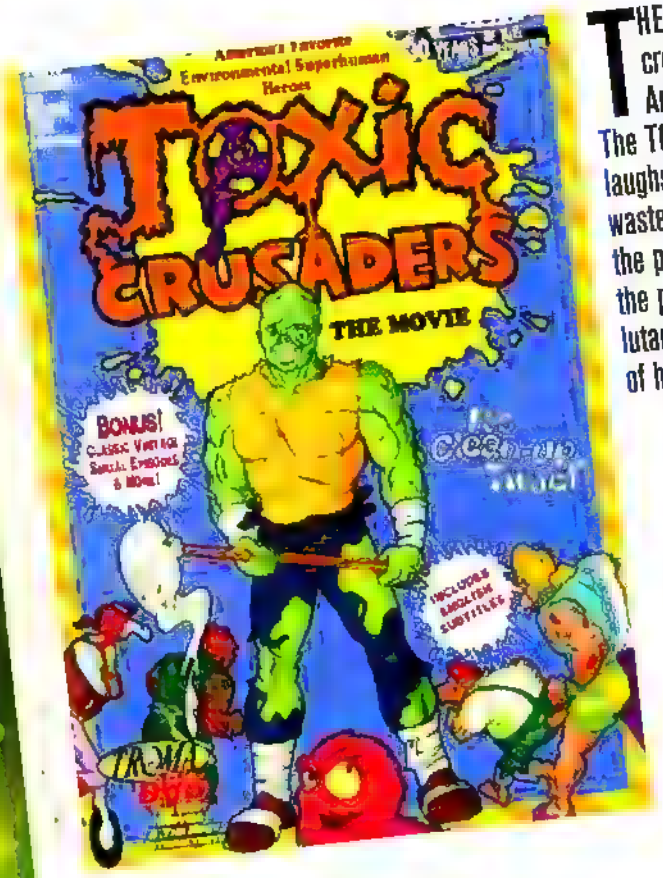


OH YES... ALL THEM LITTLE TEETHS. OH YES.
WHATCHA DRAWIN' HUN?
NOTHIN'!
SIGH
MORE SCANTILY CLAD BARBARIAN GIRLS?
THIS IS GETTING TO BE A FETISH.
NO NO, HONEY! THIS TIME IT'S FOR A REASON!
I GOT ASSIGNED THE "NYMPHOID BARBARIAN IN DINOSAUR HELL" STORY IN THE TROMA COMIC.
SO, Y'KNOW, I HAVE TO.
DIDN'T YOU DO THE ASSIGNING?
...YES.
AND, HAVE YOU EVER EVEN SEEN THAT MOVIE?
...NO.
SIGH
MONSTERS, DINOSAURS, BARBARIAN GIRLS...
...AT THIS POINT YOU MIGHT AS WELL THROW IN VAMPIRES AND LESBIANS.


Lesbian
VAMPIRE
NYMPHOID
BARBARIAN
(WITH A POWER SWORD) IN
TRANSFORMING
ROBOT
DINOSAUR
HELL!
END.

Toxic Crusaders: A Cure for the Common World

WRITTEN BY SAM WELLS
ART BY ANDREW BARR
LETTERED BY BRIAN J. CROWLEY



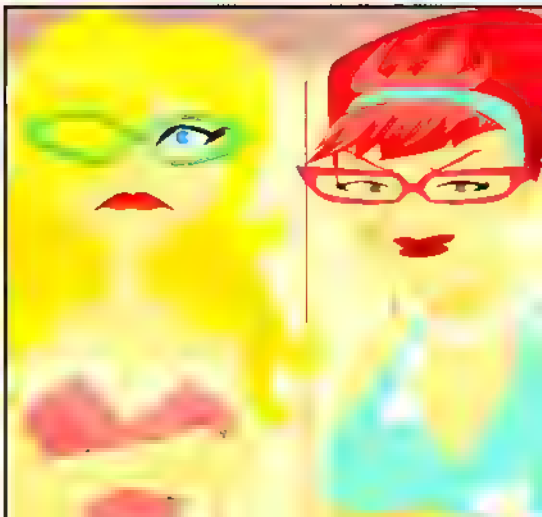
THE TOXIC CRUSADERS, led by Toxie, a creature of superhuman size & strength, are America's favorite environmental heroes! The TOXIC CRUSADERS wage an ongoing war of laughs against crime, corruption and chemical waste. In order to save Tromaville and the rest of the planet, the TOXIC CRUSADERS must thwart the plans of the evil Dr. Killemoff, a mutant pollutant from the planet Smogula, and his hoards of heinous henchmen.

TOXIC CRUSADERS

A Cure for the Common World

Written by Sam Wells • Art by Andrew Barr

NO PROBLEM MA! WE'RE GLAD TO CLEAN UP WHATEVER WE CAN NOW THAT KILLEMOFF ISN'T A THREAT ANYMORE.
YEAH, THE LAST FIVE YEARS HAVE BEEN GREAT!
FIRST, KILLEMOFF GOES CLEAN AND STARTS HIS PROSPEROUS ANTI-AGING FOOT CREAM--
--THEN ON TOP OF THAT, I GOT TO MARRY THE MAN OF MY DREAMS!
IT REALLY HAS BEEN AN AMAZING PAST FEW YEARS.
I BET NOTHING COULD POSSIBLY GO WRONG NOW!
SWISH SWISH



GREETINGS AND SALUTATIONS FROM THE GRACIOUS DR. KILLEMOFF, WHO HAS REQUESTED YOUR PRESENCE AT HIS ANTI-AGING FOOT CREAM LABORATORY TOMORROW EVENING:

IT IS OUR GREAT HONOR TO INFORM YOU THAT, DURING HIS YEARS AS A PROSPEROUS ANTI-AGING FOOT CREAM MANUFACTURER, DR. KILLEMOFF HAS STUMBLED UPON AN ANTIDOTE FOR HIDEOUSLY DEFORMED CREATURES OF SUPERHUMAN SIZE AND STRENGTH.

WE WOULD LIKE YOU TO BE AMONG THE FIRST VOLUNTEERS TO RECEIVE THIS ANTIDOTE IN ORDER TO CHANGE YOU BACK TO HOW YOU USED TO BE, WHICH WOULD LEAVE YOU DEFENSELESS AND WITHOUT SUPER HUMAN STRENGTH TO FIGHT OFF ANY SUPER, NEW POLLUTING SCHEME SECRETLY PLANNED BY DR. KILLEMOFF.

THAT IS... UNLESS YOU EACH SECRETLY TAKE THE ANTIDOTE TO THE ANTIDOTE BEFORE COMING TO THE ANTI-AGING FOOT CREAM LABORATORY--

AND THEN ACT LIKE OUR TOXIC ANTIDOTE IS WORKING BEFORE SPRINGING INTO ACTION, SURPRISING DR. KILLEMOFF, FOILING HIS PLANS AND BESTING HIM ONCE AGAIN.

PLEASE ARRIVE AT QUARTER OF 8 WITH TWO FORMS OF ID. THIS INVITATION IS NON-TRANSFERABLE AND VOID IN PUERTO RICO! DON'T BE LATE!

WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT AN EASY DECISION TO MAKE HERE GUYS.
I'M SURE WE ALL AGREE THAT TRUSTING DR. KILLEMOFF WOULD BE A VERY BAD IDEA.
NOT TO MENTION THAT WE WOULDN'T ABLE TO DEFEND TROMAVILLE AS HIDEOUSLY DEFORMED CREATURES OF SUPERHUMAN SIZE AND STRENGTH ANYMORE.

BUT WE COULD ACTUALLY GO BACK TO THE WAY THINGS WERE! I'D LOVE TO GET BACK INTO SHOWBIZ!
WHAT "SHOWBIZ"?! YOU WERE A SINGING TELEGRAM BOY BEFORE THIS ALL HAPPENED!

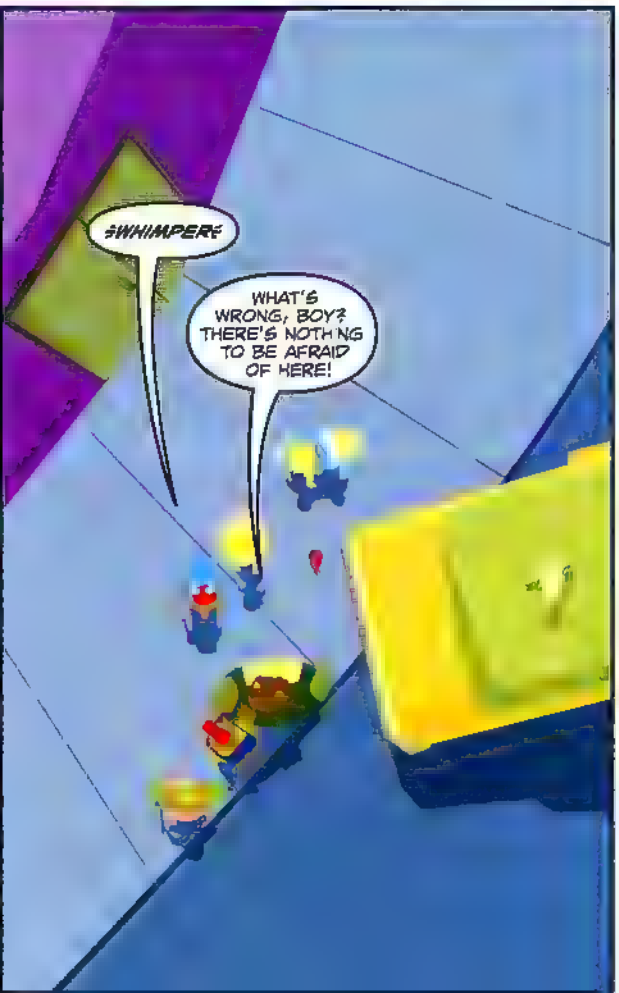
LIKE YEAH, SOON TO BE DISCOVERED!
I WAS ON THE FAST TRACK TO HAVING MY OWN ONE MAN SHOW ON BROADWAY.
BUT, LIKE, NOW I'M A TWO MAN FREAK-SHOW!

STILL EVERYONE, WE SHOULD THINK ABOUT ALL THE PEOPLE THAT DEPEND ON THE TOXIC CRUSADERS; WE'RE TROMAVILLE'S HEROES!
WE FIGHT FOR WHAT'S RIGHT!
BUT TOXIE, SWEETIE, YOU GUYS REALLY HAVEN'T HAD TO FIGHT ANYONE IN THE LAST FIVE YEARS.
UNLESS YOU COUNT FIGHTING OVER THE REMOTE.

OKAY WELL THEN IF THAT'S HOW YOU ALL FEEL THEN, I'LL GO TOO. WE DO THIS AS A TEAM.
I JUST THINK WE SHOULD BE CAUTIOUS JUST IN CASE DR. KILLEMOFF HAS A SUPER, NEW POLLUTING SCHEME SECRETLY PLANNED.
YEAH!
YAY!
ALL RIGHT!

Almost a quarter of 8.
WE'RE ALMOST THERE, GUYS! NEXT STOP--KILLEMOFF'S LABORATORY!
VROOMMMM

WOW, IT LOOKS A LOT LESS SCARY WITHOUT ALL THE POLLUTIN' GOING ON AND THE EVIL GOONS AND WHATNOT.
YEAH IT SURE DOES! OH, AND TOXIE, REMIND ME TO PICK UP SOME MORE OF KILLEMOFF'S ANTI-AGING FOOT CREAM FOR YOUR MOM.


SWHIMPERS
WHAT'S WRONG, BOY? THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF HERE!

KILLEMOFF'S GONE SOFT--JUST LIKE HIS FANCY FOOT GUNK!
IT MAY SEEM SO, BUT JUNKYARD IS RIGHT TO BE CAUTIOUS WHEN IT COMES TO THIS ALIEN CREEP.
WE MUST KEEP OUR WITS ABOUT US IF WE'RE NOT GOING TO FALL INTO A TRAP.

GREETINGS CRUSADERS, IT'S BEEN A WH.LE! WELCOME TO MY TRAP!
ER... I MEAN WELCOME TO MY TRAPEZOID SHAPED ANTI-AGING FOOT CREAM LABORATORY WHICH IS VERY SAFE AND HAS NO SORT OF SUPER, NEW POLLUTING SCHEME SECRETLY HOUSED.
WAY TO SAVE THAT ONE, BOSS.

WELL, IT'S OUR PLEASURE TO ACCEPT YOUR GRACIOUS INVITATION AND PUT AN END TO OUR FEUD.
NOT TO MENTION TAKING THE ANTIDOTE AND GETTING TO GO OUT IN PUBLIC WITHOUT MAKING THE LITTLE BABIES CRY WHEN THEY LOOK AT YOU.
SPEAK FOR YOURSELF! I'VE ALWAYS GOTTEN THAT REACTION!

WELL, ONCE YOU'VE ALL HAD THE ANTIDOTE I GUARANTEE THAT NO ONE WILL EVER LOOK AT YOU AGAIN... AND CRY.

YEAH, SINCE THERE WON'T BE NUTHIN LEFT TO LOOK AT!
HEH HEH HEH.

NOW CRUSADERS, YOU WILL FINALLY BE BACK TO YOUR OLD SELVES AGAIN.
NO MORE HIDEOUSNESS. NO MORE DEFORMITIES. NO MORE CREATURES OF SUPERHUMAN SIZE.
AND STRENGTH, BOSS. DON'T FORGET STRENGTH!
OF COURSE, HOW COULD I FORGET...
NOW THAT YOU'RE ALL COMFORTABLY STRAPPED IN, BONEHEAD AND PSYCHO WILL ADMINISTER THE SHOTS OF THE ANTIDOTE THAT I STUMBLED UPON WHILE MAKING MY TOP SELLING ANTI-AGING FOOT CREAM.
OOH! I NEED TO GRAB SOME OF THAT BEFORE WE GO!
AND ONCE THE ANTIDOTE HAS DONE IT'S JOB AND RETURNED YOU ALL TO THE HELPLESS BEINGS THAT YOU ONCE WERE, I WILL NO LONGER HAVE THE CRUSADERS TO STAND IN THE WAY OF MY NEW SUPER, NEW POLLUTION SCHEME I SECRETLY PLANNED! YOU WILL JUST BE MARVIN AND HIS GANG OF BUNGLING FOOLS!
NO!
IT IS A TRAP!
I KNEW IT! THIS LABORATORY ISN'T A QUADRILATERAL, TWO OF WHOSE SIDES ARE PARALLEL TO EACH OTHER!
THAT'S RIGHT, MELVIN. NOT ONLY AM I GETTING RID OF THE CRUSADERS--
--I'M ALSO USING ALL OF THE FOOT CREAM THAT PEOPLE HAVE BEEN SMEARING ON THEIR DISGUSTING PIGGIES AS THE WORLD'S WORST POLLUTANT!
THAT STUFF ISN'T FOOT CREAM! IT'S FOOT SMELL- AMPLIFIER! THE OZONE IS GOING TO BE WIPED AWAY BY THE WORLD'S POPULATION TIMES TWO!
OH NO! THE PAAAAIN!
OOOOOOHHH!
OOOOWWW!
UNGH!
OOOOOH, THIS REALLY HURTS!

THIS PLAN HAS TAKEN FIVE LONG YEARS; BUT WELL WORTH IT! YOU CURSED CRUSADERS ARE FINALLY DONE FOR!
UNLESS THEY--
UNLESS WE EACH SECRETLY TOOK THE ANTIDOTE-ANTIDOTE BEFORE COMING TO YOUR LABORATORY--
--AND THEN ACTED LIKE YOUR TOXIC ANTIDOTE WAS WORKING BUT THEN SPRING INTO ACTION, SURPRISING YOU, FOILING YOUR PLANS AND BESTING YOU ONCE AGAIN. CHECK, CHECK...
AND CHECK-MATE!
WHA!?
AAAAAAHHHHH!
OOOOFF!
WE SUSPECTED THAT YOU WERE NO GOOD, SO WE FIGURED OUT A WAY TO NEUTRALIZE THE INACTIVE INGREDIENTS IN YOUR ANTI-AGING FOOT CREAM.
YEAH! AND WE ALL TOOK THE ANTIDOTE-ANTIDOTE BEFORE GETTING HERE SO WE WERE ABLE TO SPRING INTO ACTION NO PROBLEMO!
NOT ALL OF US...
...WE DECIDED THIS IS WHAT WE BOTH REALLY WANTED.

The next day.
I SURE AM GLAD THAT THINGS ARE BACK TO... ER, NORMAL?
WELL, I SURE AM! GLAD THAT IS-- AND BACK TO NORMAL, I GUESS.
HONESTLY, YOU WERE NEVER REALLY NORMAL.
SO ARE YOU GUYS GOING TO STAY WITH THE CRUSADERS?
WE'D LOVE TO, BUT THAT DEPENDS ON IF YOU WANT US IN THE CRUSADERS STILL.
OF COURSE! YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A HIDEOUSLY DEFORMED CREATURE OF SUPERHUMAN SIZE AND STRENGTH TO BE A CRUSADER!
AS LONG AS THERE'S CRIME TO CLEAN UP YOU'LL ALWAYS BE WELCOME IN THE CRUSADERS!
BUT TOXIE SWEETIE, NOW THAT KILLEMOFF AND HIS GOONS ARE IN JAIL AND YOU GUYS FOILED HIS POLLUTION PLAN, WHAT'S LEFT TO CLEAN UP?
YOU GUYS TRACKED MUD ALL OVER THE CARPET, AND THOSE DRAPES HAVEN'T BEEN TOUCHED IN MONTHS!
HA HA HA

Decampitated: Recampitated

WRITTEN BY ANDY GRIGG
ART BY BENJAMIN GLENDENNING
COLORS BY CAITLIN McKAY
LETTERED BY DAVE ROTHE

DECAMPITATED
Where your sleeping bag becomes a body bag!
SOUNDTRACK BY H2O, STRIFE, COALESCE, HATEBREED, AND MANY MORE!
TROMA
DVD

We don't care if you screamed last summer, this time you will be DECAMPITATED! The Troma Team is proud to present DECAMPITATED, the most insanely entertaining horror film ever created, from director D. Matt Cunningham and producers Carolyn C. Miller and Erik Gardner.

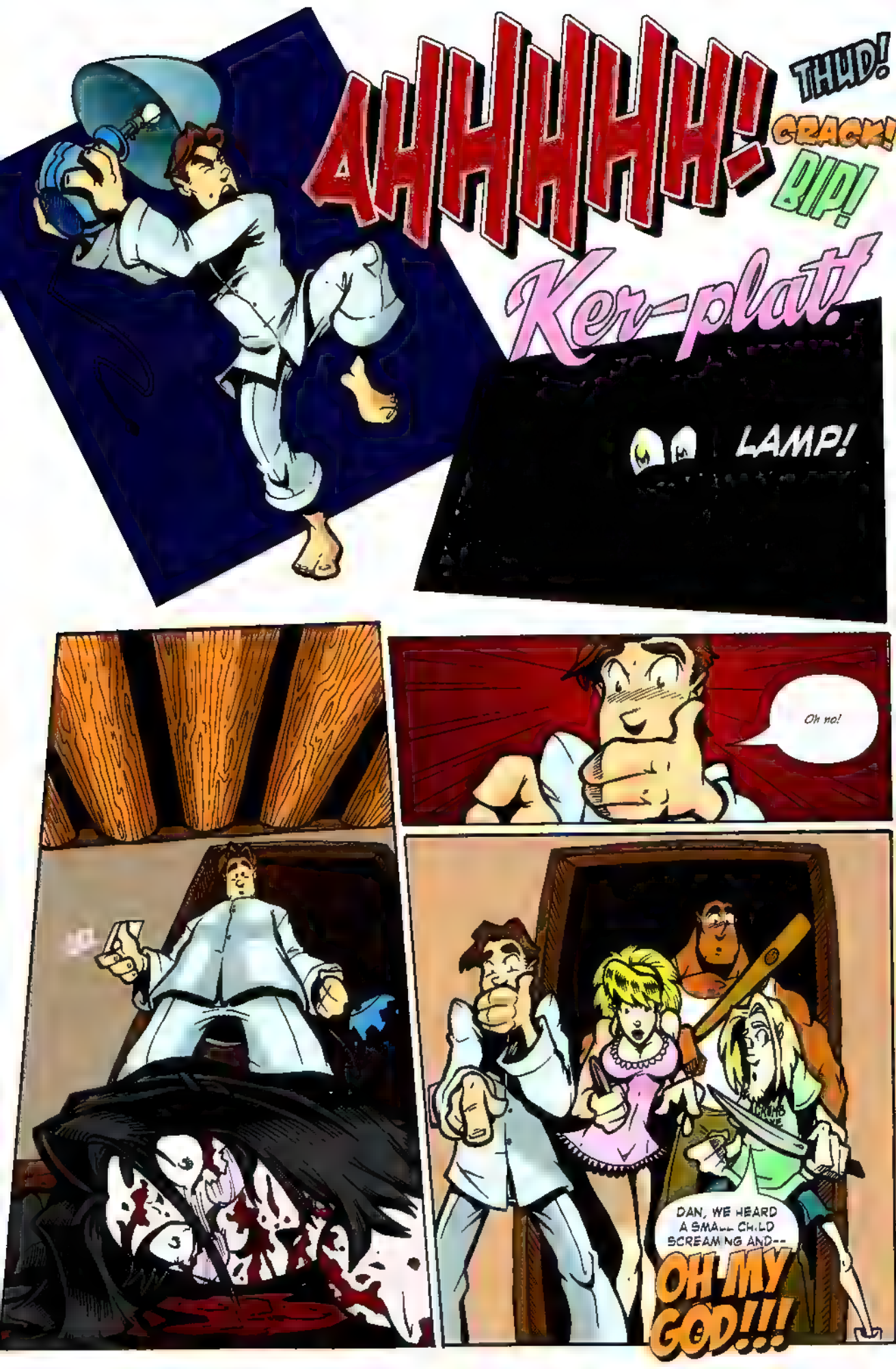
Even though they know very little about camping, seven unsuspecting friends decide to take a vacation in the wilderness, winding up in the infamous haunted woods of Decamp Acres. The bloody fun begins when the DECAMPITATED crew start to die at the hands of a mysterious killer.

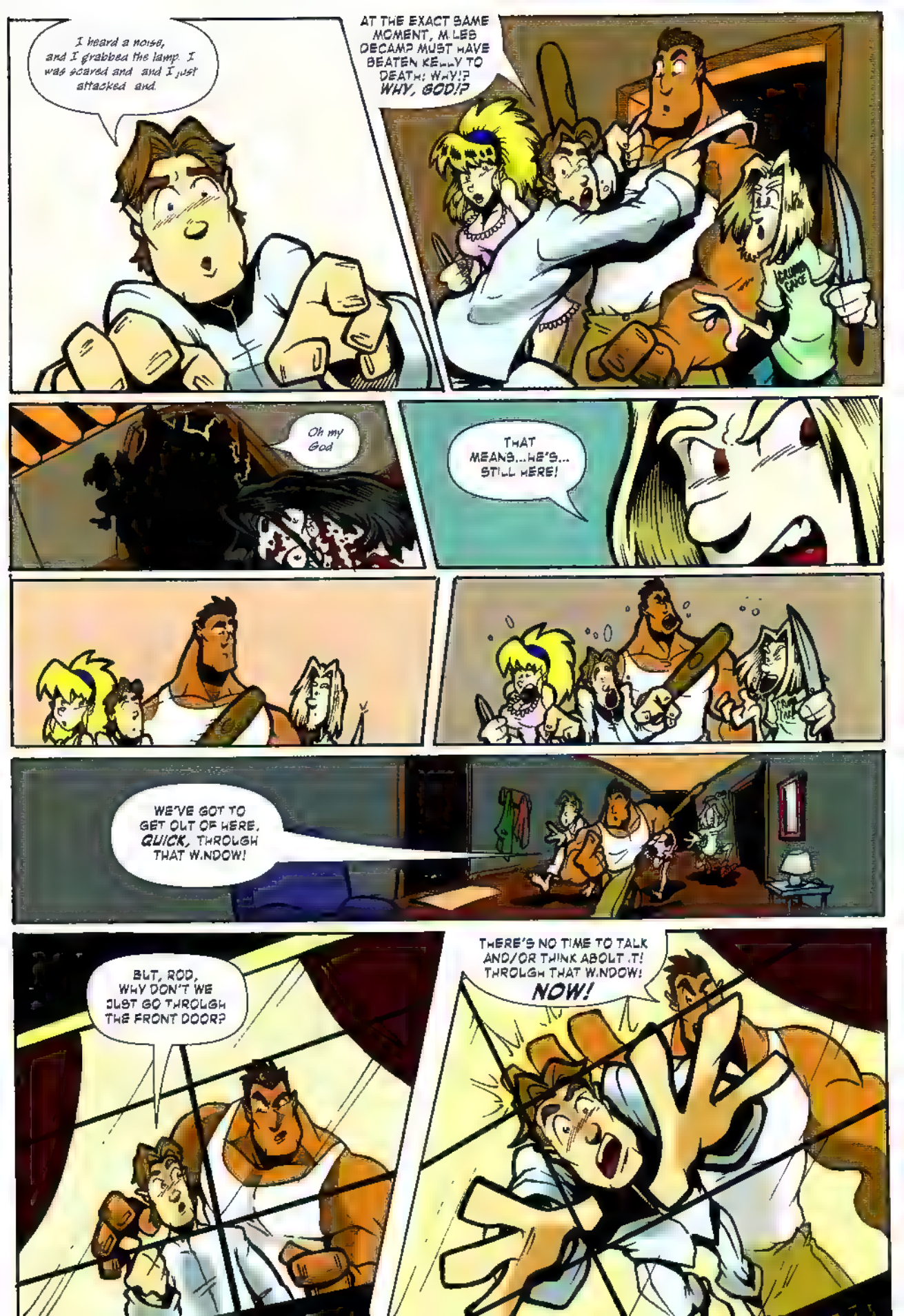
Written & Produced by D. Matt Cunningham, Carolyn C. Miller, Brian C. Walters, Ryan Lowery. Directed by D. Matt Cunningham. Starring Mike Hart, Jonathan Scott, Thomas Hartwick, Steve Ladden, Christine Pataerson, Bethany Lavoo, Amy Gordon, Ryan Lowery, and Wayne Larson Jr.

A cabin in the woods...
...I THOUGHT IT'D BE FUN. YOU ALL FEEL THIS WAY?
YEAH! I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT YOU MADE US COME TO THIS STUPID CABIN IN THE STUPID WOODS, NEIL!
ROD'S RIGHT, NEIL; THIS PLACE BLOWS!
YEAH, NEIL. GREAT F'N PLAN, DOUCHEBAG!
I said I was sorry.
YOUR MOM'S SORRY!
HAVE YOU GUYS HEARD THE STORIES ABOUT THIS PLACE?

WHAT STORIES, KELLY?
SUPPOSEDLY, YEARS AGO, A GROUP OF KIDS WERE MURDERED RIGHT HERE IN DECAMP ACRES.
BRUTALLY MURDERED! SUPER BRUTALLY MURDERED!
THE LEGEND SAYS THAT MILES DECAMP, WHO OWNED DECAMP ACRES, WILL COME BACK AND VICIOUSLY KILL ANYONE STUPID ENOUGH TO STAY HERE.
HELP!
SO, THAT MEANS, IF WE STAY HERE, MILES DECAMP WILL KILL US TOO! HE'LL KILL ALL OF US, AND WE'LL ALL BE ALL DEAD AND MANGLED AND STABBED ABOUT THE FACE AND NECK AND MAYBE BLUDGEONED OR PUMMELED, AND THEN WE'LL BE DEAD AND GRODY AND THINGS!
DEAD! KILL!
BWAHAHAHAHAHA!!!
AND THAT'S THE STORY! MAN! I'M TIRED. I'M GONNA HIT THE HAY. NIGHT, EVERYBODY!

Bed. yeah okay.
Yeah. ALL RIGHT...I--LET'S GO TO BED EVERYONE.
Oh no!
EEEAAAAK
IT'S MILES DECAMP! HE'S COME TO KILL US ALL!
I CAN'T LET THIS HAPPEN. I MUST PROTECT KE--LY...AND ME... MOSTLY ME, BUT KE--LY ALSO...SORT OF...I GUESS.
OKAY.
LET'S DO THIS.
ONE...
TWO...


AHHHH!
THUD!
CRACK!
BIP!
Ker-plat!
LAMP!
Oh no!
DAN, WE HEARD A SMALL CHILD SCREAMING AND--
OH MY GOD!!!


I heard a noise, and I grabbed the lamp. I was scared and and I just attacked and.
AT THE EXACT SAME MOMENT, M. LEB DECAMP MUST HAVE BEATEN KELLY TO DEATH: WHY!? WHY, GOD!?
Oh my God
THAT MEANS...HE'S... STILL HERE!
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE, QUICK, THROUGH THAT WINDOW!
BUT, ROD, WHY DON'T WE JUST GO THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR?
THERE'S NO TIME TO TALK AND/OR THINK ABOUT IT! THROUGH THAT WINDOW! NOW!

SHATTER!
LISTEN, WE'RE SITTING DUCKS IF WE ALL GO THE SAME WAY, BUT IF WE SPLIT UP, THEN I HAVE A MUCH BETTER CHANCE OF SURVIVING.
GOOD IDEA!
LET'S DO IT!

AHHHH!
AHHHHHH!
TRIP!

STAB!
WHA?!
WHO'S THERE?
CRUNCH
AHHHHH!!!
AHHHHHHHH!!!

Elsewhere...
SCREW THAT RUNNING AROUND BULLSHIT. I'LL JUST HOLE UP HERE, AND IF ANYONE TRIES ANYTHING...I'LL...HIT HIM...WITH...
A BAT? WHAT THE FUCK IS A BAT GONNA DO? FUCK THIS...
I BETTER FIND SOMETHING ELSE.
LET'S SEE HERE...
Naw, NOT THREATENING ENOUGH.
NOPE. TOO THREATENING.
WRONG KIND OF THREATENING.
BADBOY TOY

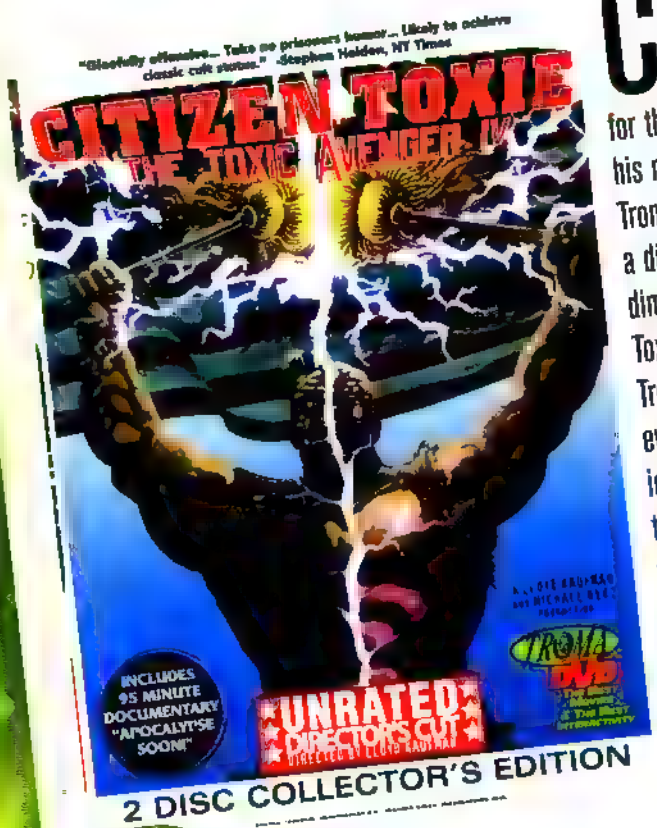
CREEAAAK
SO, THINK YOU CAN SNEAK UP ON ME, DO YA'
...WELL, I'LL--
WHAT THE?
SEVER!
STAB!
BLUDGEON!
Mangle!
Ow
My life!

AAAAAHHHHH!!!
No
NOOOOOO!!!
YOU KILLED THEM ALL, YOU BASTARD! BUT YOU WON'T GET ME!
I'LL ACE MYSELF BEFORE I LET YOU GET ME!
YOU HEAR ME!? YOU WON'T GET ME!!!
Ahhhhhh
CRUMB CAKE
HHHHHHHHH!!!

A little later...
SON OF A BITCH!
The End

The Toxic Avenger 4: A TOXIC DAY

WRITTEN BY ROB MATTISON
ART BY ANDREW RITCHIE
LETTERED BY SCOTT BROWN


"Gleefully offensive... Take no prisoners humor... Likely to achieve classic cult status." -Stephen Holden, NY Times
CITIZEN TOXIE
THE TOXIC AVENGER IV
INCLUDES 95 MINUTE DOCUMENTARY "APOCALYPSE SOON!"
UNRATED DIRECTOR'S CUT
TROMA DVD
2 DISC COLLECTOR'S EDITION

Citizen Toxie is Troma's most ambitious and successful movie. When the notorious Diaper Mafia take hostage the Tromaville School for the Very Special, only the Toxic Avenger and his morbidly obese sidekick Lardass can save Tromaville. However, a horrific explosion creates a dimensional portal between Tromaville and its dimensional mirror image, Amortville. While the Toxic Avenger (Toxie) is trapped in Amortville, Tromaville comes under the control of Toxie's evil doppelganger, the Noxious Offender (Noxie). Will Toxie return to Tromaville in time to stop Noxie's rampage or is he doomed to remain a second-class citizen in Amortville forever? How did Toxie's wife Sarah become pregnant with two babies from two different fathers? Will Tito, the Retarded Rebel, ever get over his teen angst and become a productive member of society?

Written by Trent Haaga, Gabriel Friedman and Patrick Cassidy. Directed by Lloyd Kaufman. Starring David Mattey, Heidi Sjursen, and Ron Jeremey

SHORTLY AFTER "CITIZEN TOXIE: THE TOXIC AVENGER IV". IF YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THIS GREAT FILM YOU MIGHT MISS SOME OF THE SUBTLE PLOT POINTS SO GET OFF YOUR DAMN ASS, GET TO OUR WEB SITE WWW.TROMA.COM, AND BUY IT TODAY!
OH, MELVIN, ISN'T LIFE WOOERFUL AND, LIKE, GREAT!
DAMN WASTE, IF YOU ASK ME.
IT TRULY COULDN'T BE A BETTER DAY, SARAH. THE SUN IS SHINING, AND THE BOYS ARE HEALTHY.

MAYBE TOO HEALTHY...
SNAP
SNAP
THEY KEEP FEEDING LIKE THERE IS NO TOMORROW. WELL, AT LEAST, BABY TOXIE IS EATING WELL. KABUKI BABY JUST SEEMS TO PLAY WITH MY NIPPLE.
THAT'S NICE, DEAR.
ICE CREAM
MELVIN, ARE YOU LISTENING?
YES, DEAR, BUT...
I THOUGHT SGT. KABUKIMAN, NYPD, WAS STOPPING BY TODAY TO PLAY WITH THE BABY?
BUT... BUT...
DON'T YOU BUTT ME! JUST 'CAUSE I'M BLIND...
YES, DEAR...HE CALLED AND SAID HE STOPPED BY BUT YOU WERE SLEEPING. SARAH, HOLD ON TO THE BABIES!

CRASH!
SARAH, ARE YOU AND THE BABIES ALL RIGHT?
I THINK SO.
I'M SORRY, HONEY BUN, BUT I HAVE TO...
GO DO YOUR JOB, MY HERO.
HSSSSS
WHOOOSSH
HHH!
GREETINGS, CITIZENS OF TROMAVILLE! I AM RECTUM, AND I HAVE COME TO BE TROMAVILLE'S NEW HERO! HA HA HA!

I THINK ONE OF THE BABIES WENT POO.
SNIFF! SNIFF!
KRAP!
I THINK BOTH BABIES MADE POO.
I HAVE TO CLEAN THIS UP-- AND FAST.
RECTUM, STOP YOUR FOUL DISPLAY!
NEVER!
SPLORT!
BLURBLE!!
RUMBLE!
GRRR!!
THIS CAN'T BE GOOD...
YOU CAN HAVE THE JOB!

WHAT, REALLY? OH, MY HOLE HURTS.
YES! IT'S A NEVERENDING, THANKLESS JOB, THE HOURS ARE HORRIBLE, YOU HAVE TO BE NICE TO PEOPLE ALL THE TIME...
WHUMP
...AND YOU SPEND YOUR DAYS OFF WITH SHIT ALL OVER YOU. THE JOB IS YOURS.
NOW, LETS NOT BE HASTY. WHAT'S THE PAY?
HA HA HA HA
PAY?
WELL, THAT DOESN'T SOUND SO GOOD. MAYBE I'VE BEEN RASH...AH, SORRY ABOUT THE MESS, BUT I THINK I HEAR MY CELL... RING RING.
HEY RECTUM, WAIT. TROMAVILLE COULD USE SOME NEW SUPER BLOOD SINCE THEY ALL GOT WIPED OUT IN TOXIC AVENGER IV. AND SINCE MY SIDEKICK, LARD ASS, WAS ALSO KILLED OFF, WE COULD REALLY USE A BABYSITTER.

HEY, SPEAKING OF BABIES, DID YOU LEAVE ONE BACK HERE?
?! ?! !! !?
POP!
UH, OH!
SGT.KUBUKIMAN, NYPD! STAY AWAY FROM MY WIFE!
I'LL TRY!
SO, RECTUM, YOU UP FOR CHANGING SOME DIAPERS?
SHIT.

Sgt. Kabukiman: Noodle Break

WRITTEN BY B. CLAY MOORE
ART BY KALMN ANDROSOFSKY
COLORS BY GABE ELTAEB
LETTERED BY JIM KEPLINGER

Fatal sushi, lethal chopsticks, and as American as violence! Directed by Lloyd Kaufman and Michael Herz, the Troma Guys who brought you The Toxic Avenger and Tromeo & Juliet, Sgt. Kabukiman N.Y.P.D. introduces Sgt. Harry Griswold (Rick Gianasi), a streetwise New York cop who transforms into the world's most unusual super-human hero.

Written by Lloyd Kaufman, Andrew Osborne and Jeffery W. Sass. Directed by Lloyd Kaufman & Michael Herz. Starring Rick Gianasi, Susan Byun, Bill Weeden, Thomas Crnkovich, Noble Lee Lester, Brick Bronsky, Larry Robinson, Pamela Alster, Shaler McClure and Fumio Furuya

NEW YORK IS REALLY JUST LIKE ANY OTHER CITY.
IT HAS BUILDINGS.
SOME HOUSE BUSINESSES.
SOME HOUSE PEOPLE.
SOME HOUSE BOTH.
IT HAS PEOPLE.
PEOPLE WHO WORK IN THE CITY AND LIVE IN THE CITY.
PEOPLE WHO WORK IN THE CITY AND LIVE OUTSIDE THE CITY.
PEOPLE WHO DON'T WORK ANYWHERE.
PEOPLE WHO DON'T LIVE ANYWHERE
La bella GIANNA RISTORANTE TRATTORIA
AND, OF COURSE, IT HAS RESTAURANTS.
ALL KINDS OF RESTAURANTS.
ITALIAN,
MEXICAN,
SPANISH...
INDIAN CUISINE
DINER
authentic INDIAN
...INDIAN,
THAI,
CHINESE...

AND, YEAH, JAPANESE.
MY NAME IS... WELL, IT'S COMPLICATED. FOR NOW JUST CALL ME SGT. KABUKIMAN.
ズル
ズル
I HAVE OTHER NAMES. NAMES LIKE HARRY, AND OSWALD. BUT RIGHT NOW THOSE NAMES AREN'T IMPORTANT. WHAT'S IMPORTANT IS THAT I FINISH MYNOODLES AND GET BACK TO THE CITY. AND MAYBE FIND A DRINK SOMEWHERE.
EXCUSE ME-- MR. KABUKIMAN-- SIR?
EH?
SIR--THE MAN WITH THE GUN IS POLITELY REQUESTING THAT YOU STOP EATING YOUR NOODLES AND LISTEN TO HIS DEMANDS.

JUST STOP EATING THE FUCKING NOODLES! PUT THOSE CHOPSTICKS DOWN, YOU FREAKING CLOWN.
CLOWN? ME? A CLOWN?
DON'T LET THE WHITE FACE FOOL YOU, MAN WITH THE GUN. KABUKI MAY BE AN EXAGGERATED FORM OF DRAMA, BUT "CLOWN" IS HARDLY AN ACCURATE COMPARISON.
I DON'T NEED A FREAKING HISTORY LESSON! JUST PUT DOWN THE CHOPSTICKS AND PUT YOUR HANDS UP!
WELL, MAYBE YOU DO NEED A HISTORY LESSON, MAN WITH THE GUN. BUT I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR ONE. I WANT TO FINISH MY NOODLES AND RETURN TO THE CITY. SEE, I'M SWORN TO PROTECT THE CITY.
PROTECT THE CITY? PROTECT IT FROM WHAT, YOU FREAK?

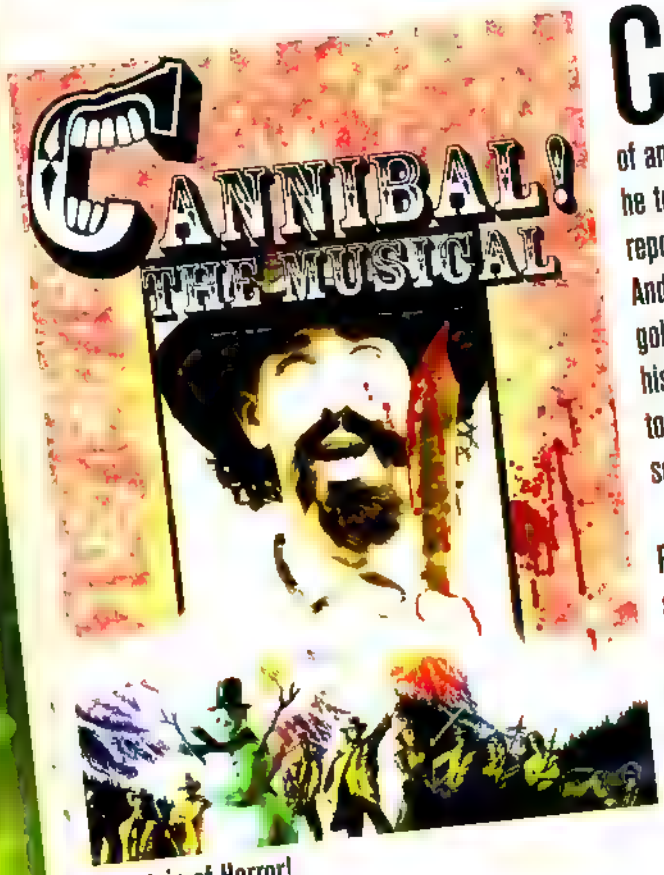
FROM YOU, FOR STARTERS. NOW STOP POINTING THAT GUN AT ME. MY NOODLES ARE GETTING COLD. AS THE PROPHECY GOES, "DAIBUTSU'S BELLY DID NOT GROW SWOLLEN WITH KNOWLEDGE FROM NOODLES GONE COLD".* OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
* -- "Daibutsu" Google it if you don't know, lazy bastard. -- Editor.
DIABUTT WHAT? /--IF YOU DON'T PUT THOSE STICKS DOWN NOW, I'M GOING TO BLOW YOUR GOOFY HEAD OFF.
WELL-- YOU'RE WELCOME TO TRY, MAN WITH A GUN.
You're crazy.
FFF
FFF

WH--WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU-- BULLETPROOF?
YOU DON'T NEED TO BE BULLETPROOF IF THE BULLET NEVER REACHES THE TARGET.
ARE YOU BULLET-PROOF?
LET'S SEE, SHALL WE?
ゴオオオ..

I--
UH!
THUK
NOPE. DIDN'T THINK SO.
THAT WAS WONDERFUL, MR. KABUKIMAN! WONDERFUL! PLEASE--LET US KNOW WHAT WE CAN DO TO REPAY YOU!
SURE--
LET ME FINISH MY NOODLES, OKAY?
ON SECOND THOUGHT, MAYBE NEW YORK ISN'T --EXACTLY LIKE ANY OTHER CITY...
...AND THE TRUTH IS THESE NOODLES SORT OF SUCK. I SHOULD'VE HAD SUSHI.
END

Cannibal! The Musical:
Cannibal! The Musical! The Play

WRITTEN BY LIZ McARTHUR
ART BY HATUEY DIAZ
COLORS BY RICHARD LEE
LETTERED BY BRIAN J. CROWLEY



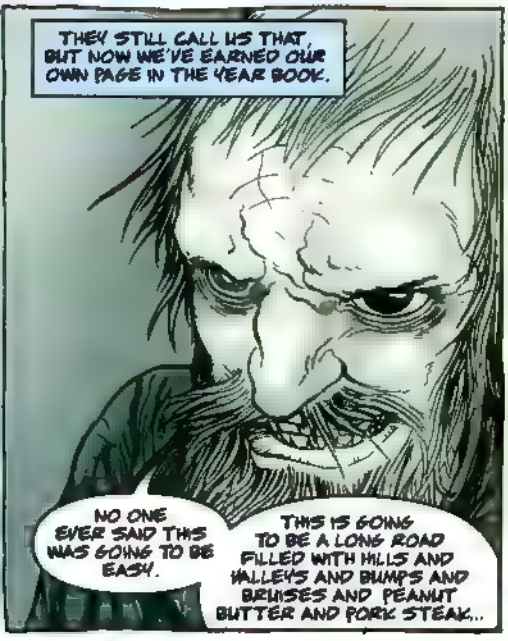
Cannibal! The Musical is the true story of the only person convicted of cannibalism in America - Alfred Packer. The sole survivor of an ill-fated trip to the Colorado Territory, he tells his side of the harrowing tale to news reporter Polly Prye as he awaits his execution. And his story goes like this: While searching for gold and love in the Colorado Territory, he and his companions lost their way and resorted to unthinkable horrors, including toe-tapping songs!

Packer and his five wacky mining buddies sing and dance their ways into your heart... and then take a bite out of it! Cannibal! The Musical is Oklahoma meets Bloodsucking Freaks. Brought to you by the Troma Team and Trey Parker - the Rogers and Hammerstein of Horror!

Written and Directed by Trey Parker. Starring Juan Schwartz, Matt Stone, Dian Bachar, Andy Kemler, Ian Hardin, Jason McHugh, Jon Hegel, Robert Muratore, and Ted Henwood.

BRECKENRIDGE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
7TH GRADERS PRESENT:
"CANNIBAL THE MUSICAL" THE PLAY
STARRING OUR VERY OWN
MR. CRACKERS AS ALFRED PACKER.
-WARNING: SHOW IS QUITE MESSY.
May contain peanuts.
LET'S GO HONEY!
SPEED IT UP, CHUNG!
WE'RE GOING TO BE LATE!
GET YOUR FAT ASS OUT HERE!
I'M NERVOUS.
I'M SWEATING IN NEW PLACES!
I'M GOING TO BARF!
GWWAAAA
OH YOU'RE...
...JUST HAVING...
...PRE-SHOW...
...JITTERS.
I'M NOT NERVOUS ABOUT--
--THE FREAKING PLAY!
MISTER CRACKERS IS--
--GOING TO EAT US!

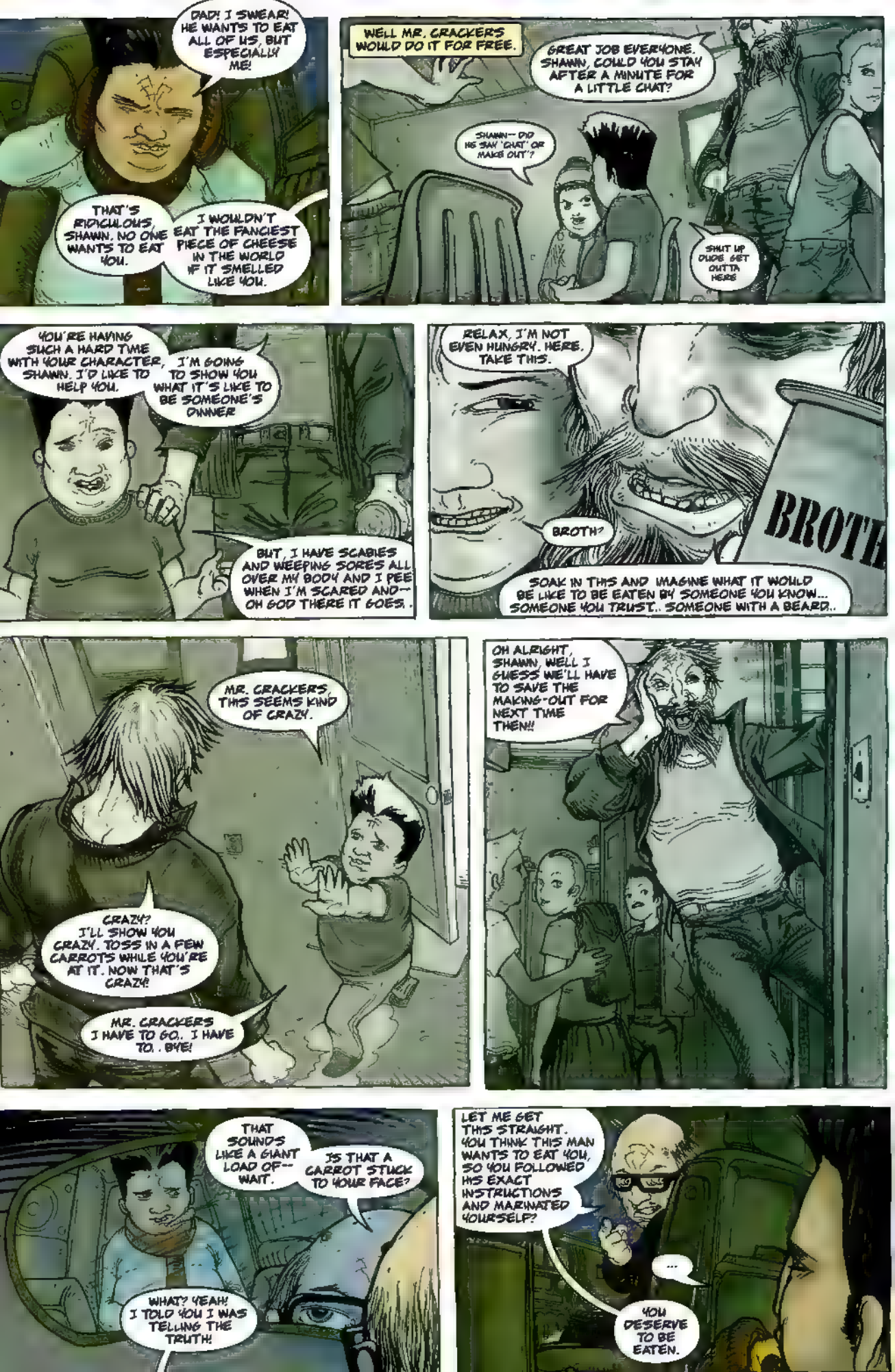
"NOW HONEY, WHY WOULD YOU EVER THINK SUCH A THING?"
Cannibal the Musical- The Play!
HE'S BEEN FATTENING US UP!
WHEN WE ALL FOUND OUT WE WERE IN THE PLAY WE WEREN'T THIS FAT.
NO? I THOUGHT ALL THE KIDS USED TO CALL YOU "THE FAT-TASTIC FOUR?"

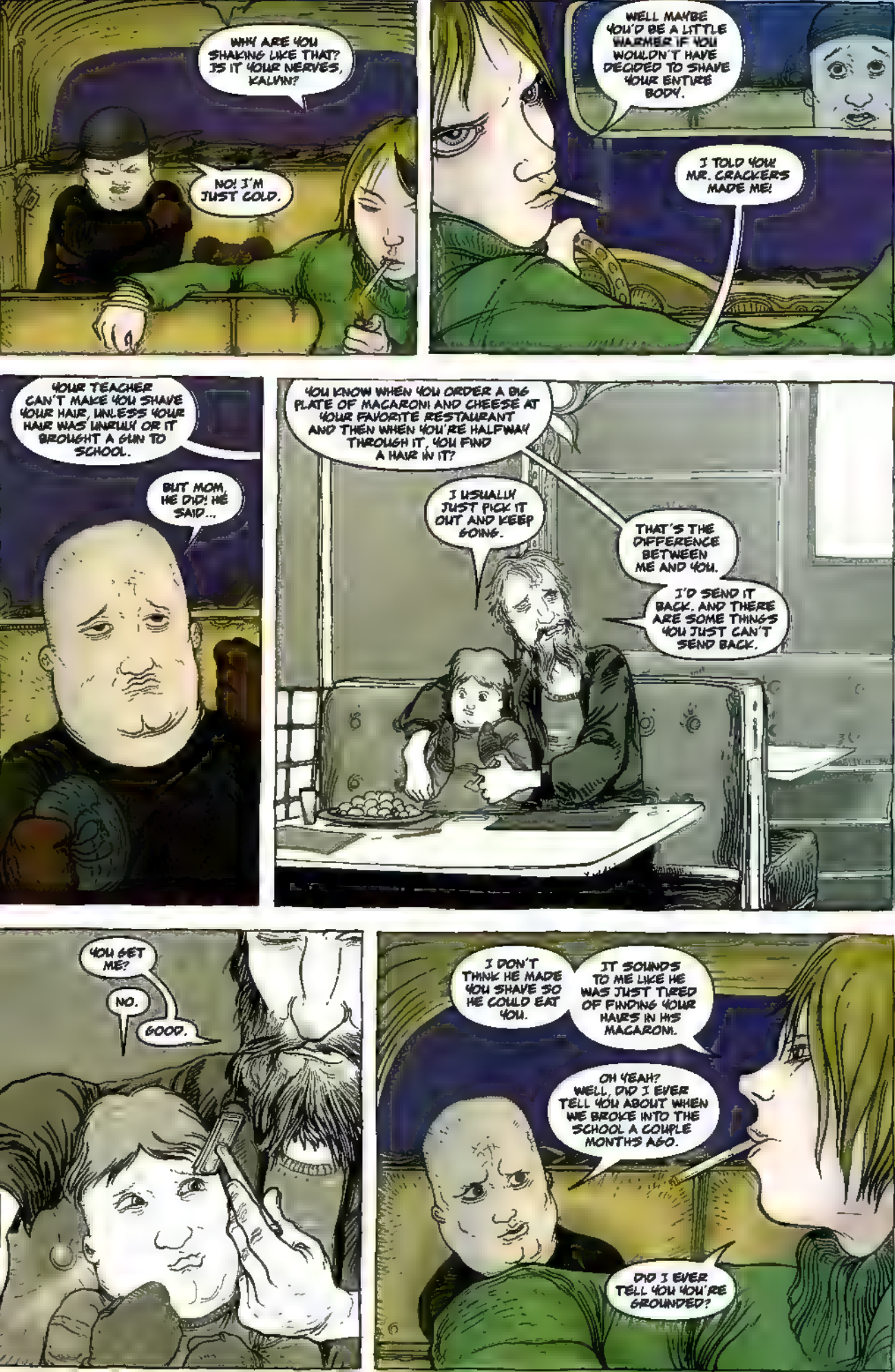

THEY STILL CALL US THAT, BUT NOW WE'VE EARNED OUR OWN PAGE IN THE YEAR BOOK.
NO ONE EVER SAID THIS WAS GOING TO BE EASY.
THIS IS GOING TO BE A LONG ROAD FILLED WITH HILLS AND VALLEYS AND BUMPS AND BRUISES AND PEANUT BUTTER AND PORK STEAK...

ALL ON THE SAME SANDWICH?!
THE PEANUT BUTTER COATS AND SOOTHES YOUR VOCAL CHORDS AND THE PORK STEAK GIVES YOU PROTEIN TO KEEP YOU POISED FOR PEAK PERFORMANCE.
WHAT'S THE BOWL OF BACON GREASE FOR?

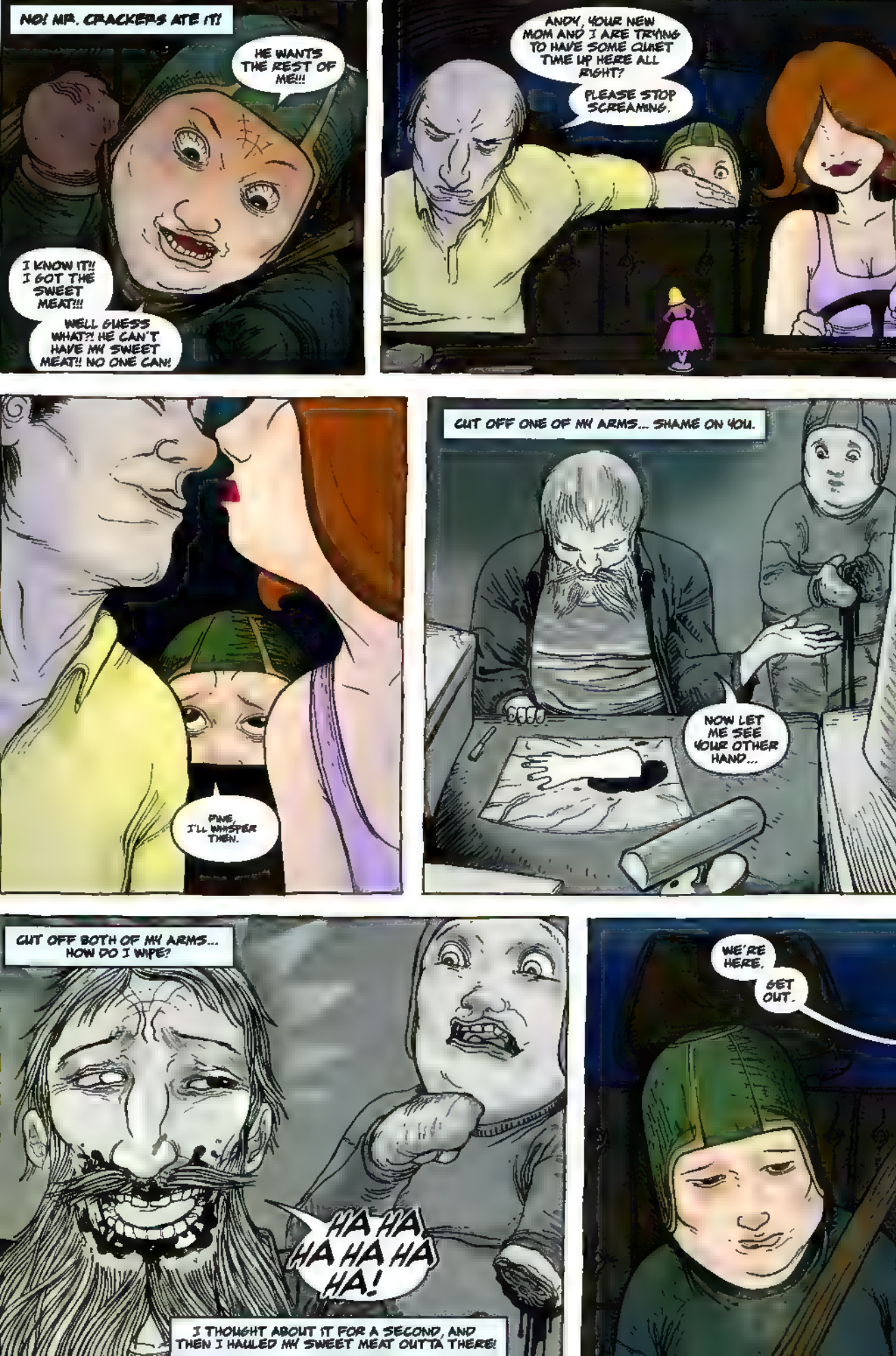
TO FATTEN YOU UP SO I CAN EAT YOU ON OPENING NIGHT.
WHAT?!
DUNKING... THE BACON GREASE IS FOR DUNKING.

HONEY, HE SIMPLY MISSPOKE. ADULTS ARE PEOPLE TOO, SOMETIMES WE MAKE MISTAKES.
WAIT! DID I TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED TO SHAWN?!

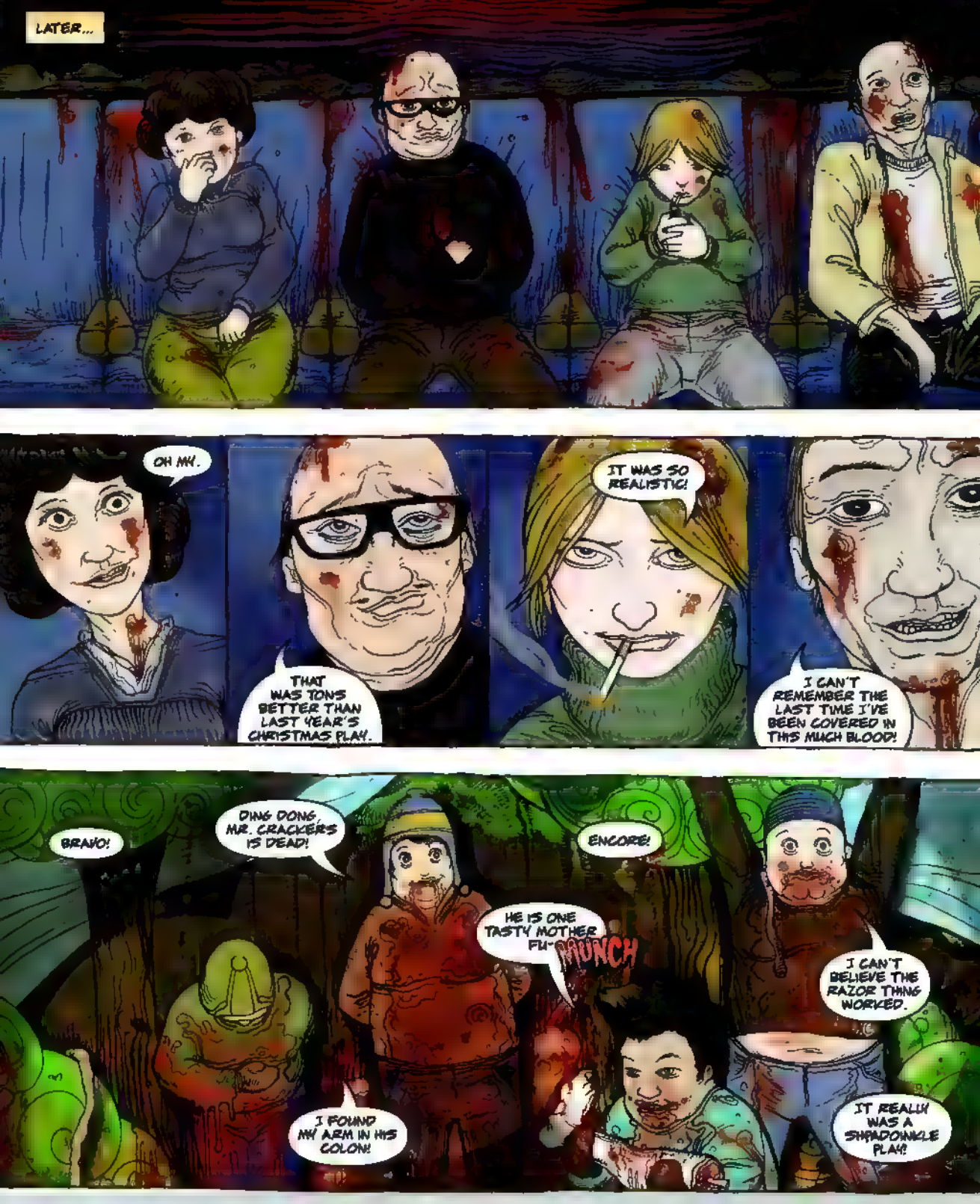

DAD! I SWEAR! HE WANTS TO EAT ALL OF US, BUT ESPECIALLY ME!
THAT'S RIDICULOUS, SHAWN. NO ONE WANTS TO EAT YOU.
I WOULDN'T EAT THE FANCIEST PIECE OF CHEESE IN THE WORLD IF IT SMELLED LIKE YOU.
WELL MR. CRACKERS WOULD DO IT FOR FREE.
GREAT JOB EVERYONE. SHAWN, COULD YOU STAY AFTER A MINUTE FOR A LITTLE CHAT?
SHAWN-- DID HE SAY 'CHAT' OR MAKE OUT'?
SHUT UP DUDE GET OUTTA HERE
YOU'RE HAVING SUCH A HARD TIME WITH YOUR CHARACTER, SHAWN. I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU.
I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE SOMEONE'S DINNER
BUT, I HAVE SCABIES AND WEEPING SORES ALL OVER MY BODY AND I PEE WHEN I'M SCARED AND-- OH GOD THERE IT GOES.
RELAX, I'M NOT EVEN HUNGRY. HERE, TAKE THIS.
BROTH?
BROTH
SOAK IN THIS AND IMAGINE WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE TO BE EATEN BY SOMEONE YOU KNOW... SOMEONE YOU TRUST.. SOMEONE WITH A BEARD..
MR. CRACKERS, THIS SEEMS KIND OF CRAZY.
CRAZY? I'LL SHOW YOU CRAZY. TOSS IN A FEW CARROTS WHILE YOU'RE AT IT. NOW THAT'S CRAZY!
MR. CRACKERS I HAVE TO GO. I HAVE TO. BYE!
OH ALRIGHT, SHAWN, WELL I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO SAVE THE MAKING-OUT FOR NEXT TIME THEN!!
THAT SOUNDS LIKE A GIANT LOAD OF-- WAIT.
IS THAT A CARROT STUCK TO YOUR FACE?
WHAT? YEAH! I TOLD YOU I WAS TELLING THE TRUTH!
LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT. YOU THINK THIS MAN WANTS TO EAT YOU, SO YOU FOLLOWED HIS EXACT INSTRUCTIONS AND MARINATED YOURSELF?
...
YOU DESERVE TO BE EATEN.


WHY ARE YOU SHAKING LIKE THAT? IS IT YOUR NERVES, KALVIN?
NO! I'M JUST COLD.
WELL MAYBE YOU'D BE A LITTLE WARMER IF YOU WOULDN'T HAVE DECIDED TO SHAVE YOUR ENTIRE BODY.
I TOLD YOU MR. CRACKERS MADE ME!
YOUR TEACHER CAN'T MAKE YOU SHAVE YOUR HAIR, UNLESS YOUR HAIR WAS UNRULY OR IT BROUGHT A GUN TO SCHOOL.
BUT MOM, HE DID! HE SAID...
YOU KNOW WHEN YOU ORDER A BIG PLATE OF MACARONI AND CHEESE AT YOUR FAVORITE RESTAURANT AND THEN WHEN YOU'RE HALFWAY THROUGH IT, YOU FIND A HAIR IN IT?
I USUALLY JUST PICK IT OUT AND KEEP GOING.
THAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ME AND YOU.
I'D SEND IT BACK. AND THERE ARE SOME THINGS YOU JUST CAN'T SEND BACK.
YOU GET ME?
NO.
GOOD.
I DON'T THINK HE MADE YOU SHAVE SO HE COULD EAT YOU.
IT SOUNDS TO ME LIKE HE WAS JUST TIRED OF FINDING YOUR HAIRS IN HIS MACARONI.
OH YEAH? WELL, DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT WHEN WE BROKE INTO THE SCHOOL A COUPLE MONTHS AGO.
DID I EVER TELL YOU YOU'RE GROUNDED?

IT WASN'T MY IDEA!
IS THIS IT?
IS THIS HIS OFFICE?
UM I THINK SO.
DO YOU SEE ANYTHING THAT MIGHT BE HIS?
EATING KIDS FOR DUMMIES
Fat Kid Soup for the Soul
AAAAAH!
AAAAAH!
BLOOD BE GONE
AAAAAH!
AND THEN THE NEXT DAY AT SCHOOL HE ACTED LIKE NOTHING EVER HAPPENED.
MAYBE THAT'S BECAUSE NOTHING DID HAPPEN.
OH YEAH? WELL GUESS HOW ANDY LOST HIS ARM!
I THOUGHT HE WAS BORN WITHOUT THAT ARM.


NO! MR. CRACKERS ATE IT!
HE WANTS THE REST OF ME!!!
I KNOW IT!! I GOT THE SWEET MEAT!!!
WELL GUESS WHAT?! HE CAN'T HAVE MY SWEET MEAT!! NO ONE CAN!
ANDY, YOUR NEW MOM AND I ARE TRYING TO HAVE SOME QUIET TIME UP HERE ALL RIGHT?
PLEASE STOP SCREAMING.
FINE, I'LL WHISPER THEN.
CUT OFF ONE OF MY ARMS... SHAME ON YOU.
NOW LET ME SEE YOUR OTHER HAND...
CUT OFF BOTH OF MY ARMS... HOW DO I WIPE?
HA HA HA HA HA HA!
I THOUGHT ABOUT IT FOR A SECOND, AND THEN I HAULED MY SWEET MEAT OUTTA THERE!
WE'RE HERE.
GET OUT.

HAVE FUN!
GOOD LUCK!
DON'T FUCK IT UP!
BREAK A LEG!
WE NEED A PLAN!
QUICK, ANDY, SWALLOW ALL THESE RAZORS.
OK!
THAT SEEMS LIKE A BAD IDEA.
NO! LOOK! AFTER CRACKERS EATS US AND WE ARE TRAVELING THROUGH HIS DIGESTIVE TRACK, THESE RAZORS ARE REALLY GONNA SCREW WITH HIS INTESTINES
SHAWN, WE WANT TO STOP HIM FROM EATING US.
SO WE GLUE THE RAZOR BLADES TO OUR BODIES! AND YOU TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES!
OK!
CURTAIN UP IN TWO, GUYS!
WE'RE SO DEAD!
THIS IS NO TIME FOR CRYING!
YOU GUYS ARE MY BEST FRIENDS AND I CAN'T THINK OF A BETTER OR MORE IRONIC WAY FOR THE FAT-TASTIC FOUR TO COME TO AN END.
IT'S SHOWTIME.

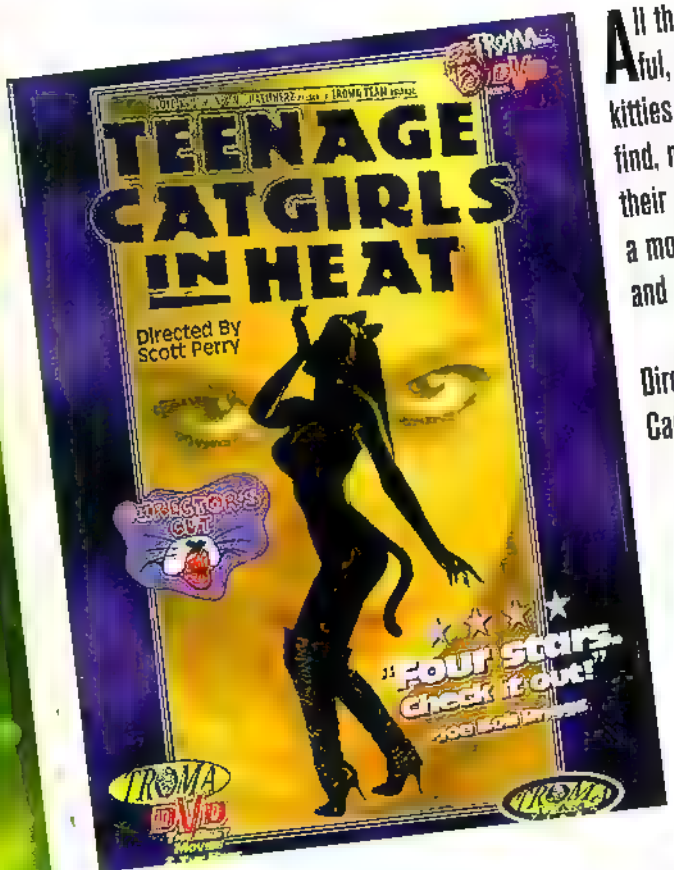

LATER...
OH MY.
THAT WAS TONS BETTER THAN LAST YEAR'S CHRISTMAS PLAY.
IT WAS SO REALISTIC!
I CAN'T REMEMBER THE LAST TIME I'VE BEEN COVERED IN THIS MUCH BLOOD!
BRAVO!
DING DONG, MR. CRACKER'S IS DEAD!
I FOUND MY ARM IN HIS COLON!
ENCORE!
HE IS ONE TASTY MOTHER FU-
MUNCH
I CAN'T BELIEVE THE RAZOR THING WORKED.
IT REALLY WAS A SHRADONNLE PLAY!

Man's Death in School Play Tragic, Enjoyable.

Town agrees It was totally worth it.

Teenage Catgirls in Heat: Urine Nation

WRITTEN BY TIM SEELEY
ART BY BECKY LAFF
INKS BY BARBRA SCHULZ
COLORS BY MELISSA KAERCHER
LETTERED BYBRIAN J. CROWLEY

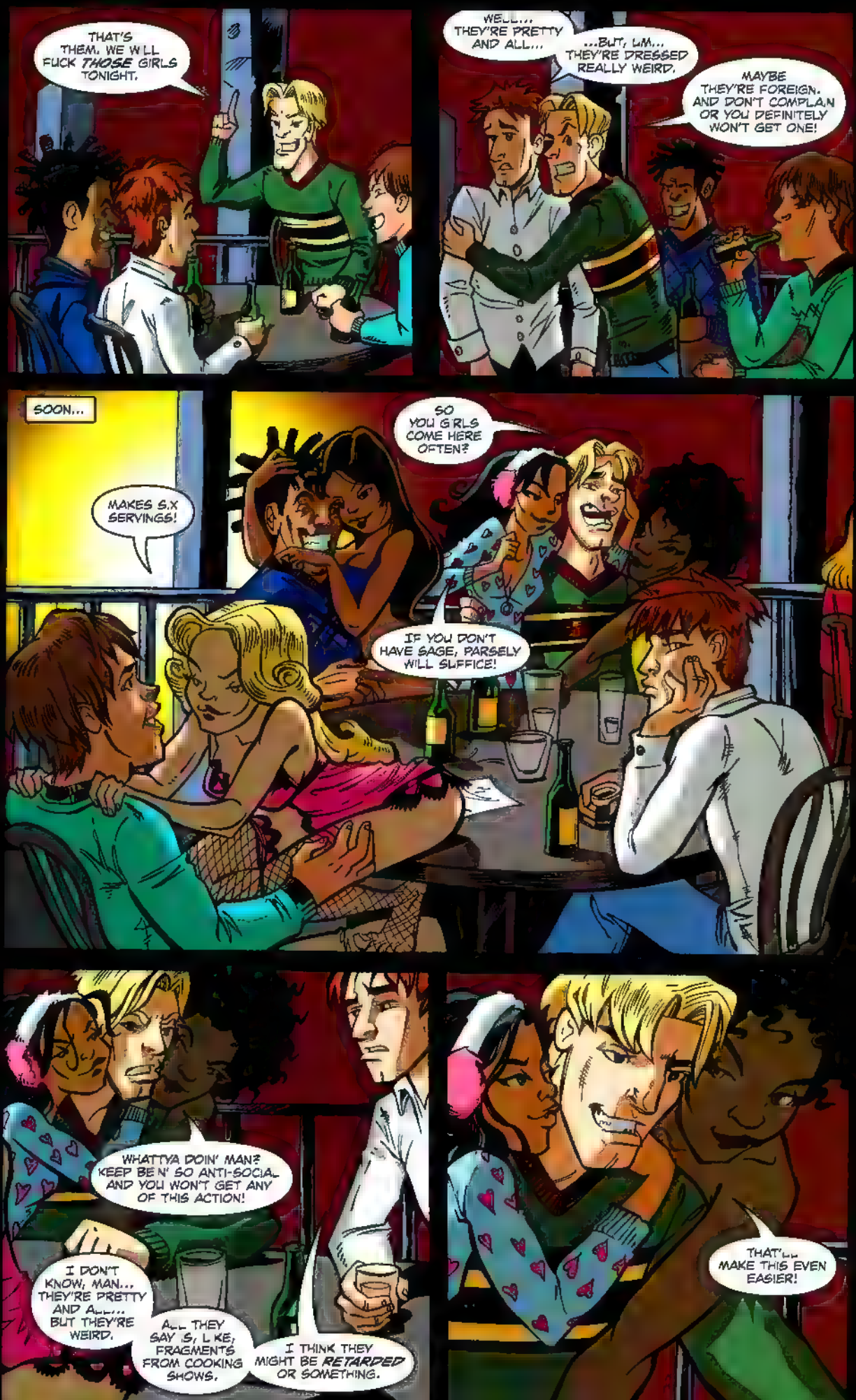


All the cats is Riverville are turning into beautiful, sexy TEENAGE CATGIRLS! These luscious kitties pounce on the streets and back alleys to find, mate, and claw every man man they can get their paws on. TEENAGE CATGIRLS IN HEAT is a movie with a bad attitude, nine naughty lives, and a litter of hot kittens!

Directed by Scott Perry. Starring Gary Graves, Carrie Vanston, and Dave Cox.

AGKCHOOO!
WOULDN'T YA KNOW IT? ON MY WAY OUT FOR A NIGHT ON THE TOWN, AND THE ALLERGIES ARE ACTING UP. THANKS, FREDDY.
...RECYCLING BEGINS AUGUST 1ST.
THAT'S PROBABLY JASON NOW...
BLEEP! BLEEP!
IN OTHER NEWS, A BIZARRE RASH OF FELINE SUICIDES...
HEY MAN. YAH, I'M ALMOST READY. I KNOW, I KNOW... IT'S GONNA BE GREAT NIGHT.
...HAS MANY CAT LOVERS CONCERNED. LOCAL OFFICIALS ARE INVESTIGATING THE INCIDENTS...
ALSO, TONIGHT, POLICE ARE INVESTIGATING REPORTS OF NUDE WOMEN WANDERING THE STREETS...
YEAH, IT'S JUST ALLERGIES.
I KNOW.. BUT, I LIKE THE MISERABLE FURBA....

OH YEAH! I'D FUCK HER RIGHT THERE, AND HER.
MAYBE HER, GROCERY BAG FOR THAT ONE.
MAN, WHERE'S GORDON WITH MY BEER?
HERE I AM. AND I GOT BREWSKIS!
...I DIDN'T NOTICE IT BEFORE MAN, BUT YOU'RE KINDA RANK TONIGHT.
YOU WEARING SOME KINDA NEW COLOGNE? LIKE EAU D' FERRET OR SOMETHIN'?
HUH? ARE YOU KIDDING? I CAN'T SME... ANYTHING...
THAT'S CUZ YOU LET THAT FAT ASS CAT LIVE IN YOUR HOUSE.
EVER SINCE YOU ADOPTED THAT THING, IT'S BEEN THE ONLY PUSSY YOU'VE GOTTEN.
HAHA... I BET THAT'S WHERE THAT FUNK IS COMIN' FROM... OL' FREDDY PISSED ON YOUR UNDIES...
OH, HOLY SHIT, MAN. CHECK THIS OUT.


THAT'S THEM. WE WILL FUCK THOSE GIRLS TONIGHT.
WELL... THEY'RE PRETTY AND ALL...
...BUT, UM... THEY'RE DRESSED REALLY WEIRD.
MAYBE THEY'RE FOREIGN. AND DON'T COMPLAIN OR YOU DEFINITELY WON'T GET ONE!
SOON...
MAKES SIX SERVINGS!
SO YOU GIRLS COME HERE OFTEN?
IF YOU DON'T HAVE SAGE, PARSELY WILL SUFFICE!
WHATTYA DOIN' MAN? KEEP BEIN' SO ANTI-SOCIAL AND YOU WON'T GET ANY OF THIS ACTION!
I DON'T KNOW, MAN... THEY'RE PRETTY AND ALL... BUT THEY'RE WEIRD.
ALL THEY SAY IS, LIKE, FRAGMENTS FROM COOKING SHOWS.
I THINK THEY MIGHT BE RETARDED OR SOMETHING.
THAT'LL MAKE THIS EVEN EASIER!

IVE
KREST
R 14
SO WHERE YOU LADIES WANNA GO?
COME! COME! LIMITED TIME OFFER!
=SIGH=
WELL, WE BETTER GET WHILE THE GETTING IS GOOD!
WHOO. DID I TELL YA GUYS?
DID I TELL YA IT WAS GONNA BE A GREAT NIGHT?!

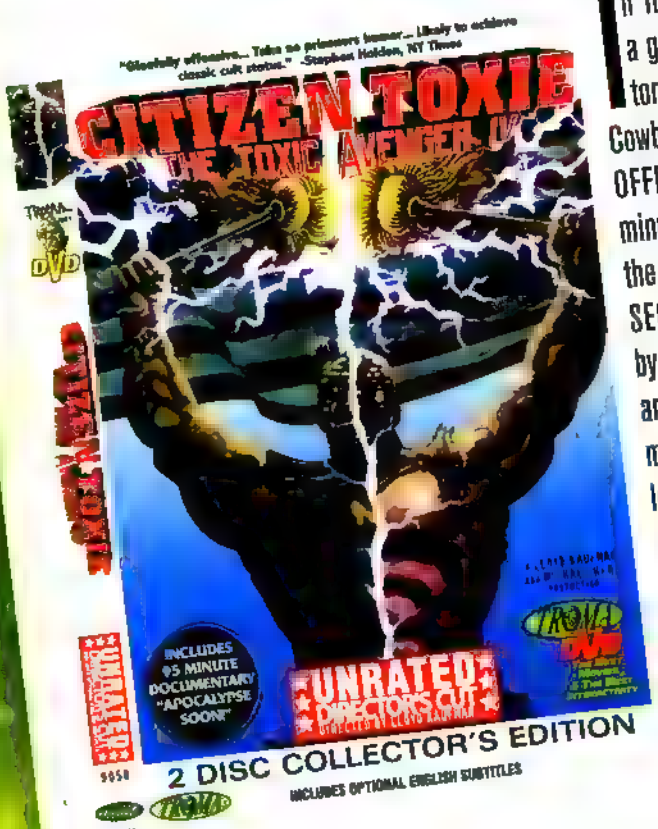
JAS... UM JU' GONN' GO HOME... G'NIGHT EVERYONE...
MAKES A DELICIOUS SAUCE!
=MMMMMPHS =MMMMMMS
FRIENDS SHARE, BRO.
NOW WE PREPARE YOUR SOULS TO FEED OUR GODDESS, KESHRA!
WHAT'S SHE SAYIN'?
WHO CARES!? DO ME, BABY!

YEAH... DOOO ME... TOOO...
PURRRRRR...
HSSSSS!
WHOSSS... WROOONNG..
I DON' SMELL NUFFIN--

WAKE UP, SON. WAKE UP.
WHU!? OW... MY HEAD. WHAT'S GOING ON?!
YOU... UH... MAY NOT WANT TO LOOK.
OH GOD! JASON!
I'M SORRY... IT APPEARS YOUR FRIENDS WERE ATTACKED BY SOME KIND OF ANIMAL IN THEIR SLEEP. SOME KIND OF... CAT...
EITHER WAY KID, IT LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT LUCKY.
YOU MUST HAVE A GUARDIAN ANGEL OUT THERE SOMEWHERE.
OH GOD... THOSE GIRLS...
WE'LL TAKE YOU DOWN TO THE PRECINCT, ASK YA SOME QUESTIONS AND GET YOU CLEANED UP.
THE END!

The Masturbator: Secret Origin

WRITTEN BY TRENT HAAGA
PENCILS BY GREG TITUS
INKS BY PATRICK BROWER
COLORS BY JOSEPH BAKER
LETTERED BY DAVE KEPLINGER


"Gleefully offensive... Takes no prisoners humor... Likely to achieve classic cult status." -Stephen Holden, NY Times
CITIZEN TOXIE
THE TOXIC AVENGER IV
DVD
INCLUDES 95 MINUTE DOCUMENTARY "APOCALYPSE SOON!"
UNRATED DIRECTOR'S CUT
2 DISC COLLECTOR'S EDITION
INCLUDES OPTIONAL ENGLISH SUBTITLES

In Troma's Toxic Avenging Opus, CITIZEN TOXIE, a group of superheroes , including The Vibrator, The Masturbator, Dolphinman, and Mad Cowboy, was formed to stop the evil NOXIOUS OFFENDER. Unfortunately, they all died within a minute of their big screen debut. BUT, through the magic of comics, we can learn of the SECRET ORIGIN of the Masturbator as told by TRENT HAAGA, writer of CITIZEN TOXIE, and the creator of THE MASTURBATOR (not to mention the brilliant actor who starred as the leader of the evil Diaper Mafia!)

TROMAVILLE, NEW JERSEY
THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN . . .
SURE, WE'VE ALL HEARD ABOUT THE HEROIC EXPLOITS OF THE TOXIC AVENGER AND THE DRUNKEN MISADVENTURES OF SGT. KABUKIMAN, NYPD . . .
BUT WHAT OF THE LESSER-KNOWN HEROES OF THIS BELOVED METROPOLIS?
OUR STORY BEGINS HERE, WHERE ALL STORIES EVENTUALLY END.
THE STORY OF ONE OF TROMAVILLE'S UNSUNG, COSTUMED CRUSADERS. THE STORY OF THE BRIEF AND TRAGIC CAREER OF . . .
THE MASTURBATOR
BUT LET'S GO BACK TO THE TRUE BEGINNING, SHALL WE?

WHEN M LDMANNERED SEX OFFENDER, JOHN BATOR, AND MULTI-PLATINUM RAP ART ST, MASTER G STEPPED INTO THE SAME FAULTY E-EVATOR, THEY HAD NO .DEA WHAT THE FATES HAD .N STORE . . .
Schpsink
KA-BOOM
JOHN BATOR AND MASTER G SHOULD HAVE D.ED .N THAT TRAGIC ACC DENT NSTEAD, THEY EMERGED FROM THE WRECKAGE AS ONE MAN. A MAN CAPABLE OF F GHTING CR.ME USING THE TWIN POWERS OF BAD RHYMING AND SHEER REVULSION. . .
. . .A NEW HERO FOR TROMAVILLE WAS BORN AS MASTER G AND JOHN BATOR BECAME...
THE STURBATOR!!!

What's going on? I should be dead. And why is it that everything rhymes in my head?
Gottta get out of here, got a terrible urge . . . to stroke on the snake and .et the test cles purge.
Yeah, yeah, Tromaville I'm a com'n' to your aid! All you sucka-ass crim nals 's gonna get played!
Pressure s bui ding can hardly wa k Wonder if it rhymes every damn time I talk?
HEY, BUDDY! WATCH IT!
Yo yo man I really gots to know . . . where in this hood can I find me a ho?
JESUS, BUDDY, THAT'S THE WORST RHYMING I'VE EVER HEARD . . .
. . . AND I'M DRUNK!
THIS IS DOWNTOWN TROMAVILLE, PAL. IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR VICE, YOU'VE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE . . .

ACHING FOR RELEASE, THE MASTURBATOR DUCKS INTO THE FIRST AVAILABLE BOOTH . . .
Feel like my sack is gonna explode I'm gonna die if I don't unload!
. . . AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON.
Fat girls in fishnets ain't really my thing but if I don't get this done I'll end up in a sling
MEANWHILE. . .
I KNOW THESE PEEP THEATERS MAKE LOTSA CASH. GIMME THE COMBO FATTY!
O-OKAY! JUST, PLEASE, DON'T HURT ME!
TWENTY-FOUR LEFT, FIFTEEN RIGHT . . .
uh oh my palm hairs are tingling and tickling my schlong. Something around here is definitely wrong . .
But there's no stopping now 'cause my money's all spent and I can't walk around all day pitching a tent.
Here it comes HERE IT COMES!
WE GOT IT!

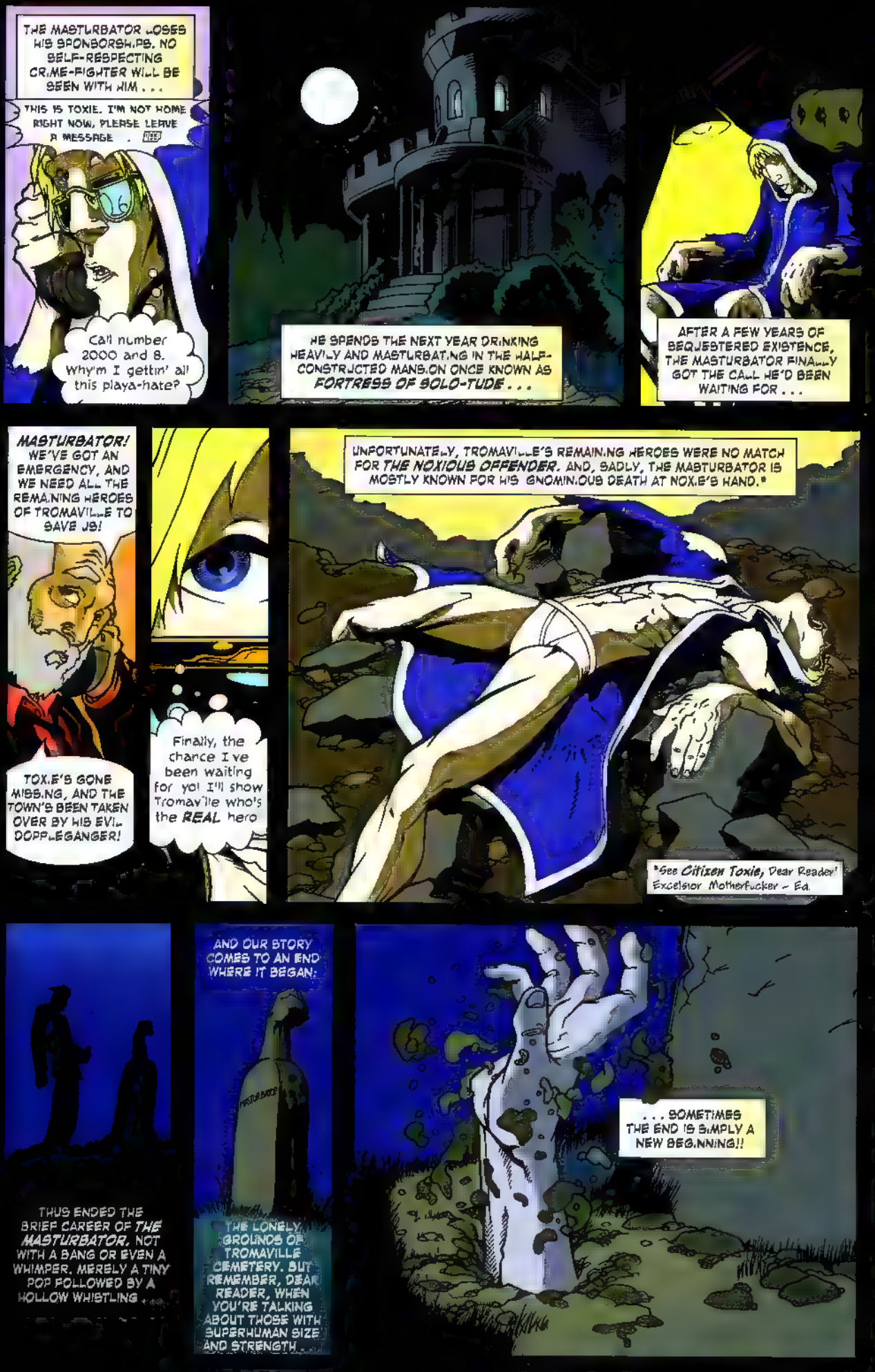
KA-SPLOOOOOGE!
MOMENTS LATER . . .
Oh my god what just happened?? And why the hell can't I stop with this rappin'?
I'LL TE... YOU WHAT HAPPENED. YOUR POWER IS INCRED BLE. IT'S YOUR TECHNIQUE THAT COULD USE SOME SERIOUS WORK . . .
. . . AS FOR THE RAPPING THING, YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE.
Whatchu know bout my special power? You can't even find your way to a shower.
I ain't gonna listen to you bout technique . . . the dry crap in your pants is making you reek.
HEY, PAL, IT TAKES A CHRONIC MASTURBATOR TO KNOW ONE. I LOST THREE FINGERS TRYING TO PERFECT EXPLODING SPUNK STYLE . . .
. . . I KNOW A LITTLE BIT ABOUT WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT, BUDDY. EVER HEARD OF *THE TOSSER?*
NO? KIDS . . . NO MSENSE OF HISTORY . . .
YEAH, I HAD POWER LIKE YOURS, ONCE. OF COURSE, BACK THEN I HAD TO DISGUISE THE TRUTH ABOUT IT BY SAYING THAT I HAD A VESTIGIAL UMBILICAL CORD. HECK, I WAS EVEN A MEMBER OF THE JUSTICE CRUSADERS AT ONE POINT.
I PROBABLY SHOULDN'T HAVE TRIED EXPLODING SPUNK STYLE SO EARLY IN MY CAREER BUT I WAS YOUNG, BRASH, AND THAT ASTEROID HAD TO BE STOPPED SOMEHOW . . .

BUT MY POWERS, NO MATTER HOW DEVELOPED, PALE IN COMPARISON TO YOURS. PLEASE, SON, LET ME HELP YOU. BEFORE YOU HURT YOURSELF OR SOMEONE ELSE. REMEMBER THAT WITH GREAT POWER COMES GREAT-
WHATEVER, MAN! I'll do what you say 'cause you're wiser and older.
Just please take that nasty-ass hand off my shoulder.
SO BEGAN THE MASTURBATOR'S TRAINING AT THE HANDS OF H.S MASTER.
ACCIDENTALLY THWARTING A PORN THEATER ROBBERY ISN'T GOING TO GET YOU A FAN CLUB.
YOU MUST TRAIN. YOU MUST LEARN HOW TO HARNESS AND HONE YOUR POWERS.
THEN YOU MUST STRIKE OUT AGAINST EVIL WITH PURPOSE . . . FIRST LESSON: YOU MUST MOVE THIS DUMPSTER TO THE OTHER END OF THE ALLEY WITHOUT TOUCHING IT . . . WITH YOUR HANDS.
Huh? Why? Okay, I'll try
THERE IS NO TRY. ONLY SPEW.
Stroke with the left hand; cup my nuts real nice . . . that's how I make it slippy like ICE!
. . . THE BATTERING RAM . . .
. . . THE DELUGE . . .
Twist my right ball and squeeze the left t'l t hurts . . . that's the secret to make big, rock-hard squirts!
Short l'ttle strokes and a pinky in the butt make one gigantic wave of nut.

AFTER WEEKS OF INTENSE TRAINING AT THE TUTELAGE OF HIS MASTER, THE MASTURBATOR IS READY TO ENTER THE WORLD OF SUPERHERO-DOM. BUT TRAGEDY STRIKES JUST AS HE IS ABOUT TO MAKE HIS TRIUMPHANT ENTRY . . .
cough I'M . . . DYING, MASTURBATOR. YOUR TRAINING IS *hack* *wheeze* COMPLETE. YOU MUST *gripe* CARRY ON THE *cough* TRADITION OF THOSE WHO *spunk* CAME BEFORE US . . .
NO! Why you gotta leave me this way? You were just fine at this time yesterday!
hack HAVEN'T YOU EVER SEEN A KUNG-FU MOVIE? *wheeze* THE MASTER ALWAYS DIES AT THE COMPLETION OF--
¡OOOO!
BUT THE MASTURBATOR'S MOURNING IS RUDELY INTERRUPTED.
SCREEEECH!!
Huh? My palm hairs are standin' straight up and erected . . . someone nearby needs to be protected.
That bus got no brakes, and it's headed for trouble. I'd best save them retarded kids on the double!
Buss gotta stop 'fore it hits that waste or the kids'll all be turned to paste. Gotta hurry and get my schlong to full length . . . Last thing we need's a buncha 'tards with superhuman size and strength.
SPLOOORT!
USING THE TECHNIQUE OF THE OLD MASTERS, THE MASTURBATOR UNLEASHES A TORRENT OF HIS SPECIAL SECRET ON . . .

MINUTES LATER . . .
WELL, I SUPPOSE WE'VE GOT YOU TO . . . SUPER . . . THANK FOR SAVING THE KIDS. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
YOU'LL SEE ME NOW, AND YOU'LL SEE ME LATER. THIS HERO STICKING AROUND, HE'S CALLED THE MASTURBATOR.
GREAT . . .
THAT WAS A HELL OF A SAVE, KID. HAVEN'T SEEN YOU AROUND TOWN BEFORE. I'M MICHAEL JERRY BEYHEIMER, HERO AGENT. TAKE MY CARD. YOU KNOW, ALL A GUY LIKE YOU NEEDS IS A LITTLE ASSISTANCE IN THE P.R. FIELD. I KNOW PEOPLE, LETMETELLYA, AND YOU, KID, YOU'RE GOING PLACES. WHADDA THEY CALL YA, huh?
CALL ME NOW OR CALL ME LATER, JUST MAKE SURE YOU CALL ME THE MASTURBATOR.
THE WHA-? HUH? THAT'S, ER . . . DESCRIPTIVE.
THE NEXT DAY . . .
TROMA CHILD
SAVE
IT ISN'T LONG BEFORE THE MASTURBATOR'S NAME BECOMES KNOWN THROUGHOUT TROMAVILLE AND BEYOND. SOON HE'S FIGHTING SIDE-BY-SIDE (MOSTLY BECAUSE NO ONE WANTS TO STAND IN FRONT OF HIM) WITH SUCH LUMINARIES AS THE TOXIC AVENGER . . .
CRIME DON'T PAY NOW, AND CRIME DON'T PAY LATER. YOU'LL LEARN NOT TO FUCK WITH THE MASTURBATOR (AND TOXIE)..
UH...YEAH...THANKS... MASTURBATOR. I THINK THERE'S SOME TROUBLE OVER THERE. REALLY. FAR. AWAY. FROM. HERE.
AND, OF COURSE, SGT. KABUKIMAN, NYPD.
TRY TO ESCAPE ME? YOU GOTTA BE TRIPPIN'. THIS SUPER LUBRICATION WILL MAKE YOU BE SLIPPIN'.
OH, GOD. THE VODKA AND SUSHI'S ONE THING SUPER AND THE WHOLE JERKING OFF THING IS BAD . . . BUT EVEN MY SUPER STOMACH CAN'T HANDLE HIS RAPPING . . .

THE MASTURBATOR'S CRIME-FIGHTING EXPLOITS COUPLED WITH THE MARKETING SAVVY OF MICHAEL JERRY BEYHEIMER LEADS TO A SURGE IN POPULARITY . . .
HIS OWN BREAKFAST CEREAL . .
. . . PERSONAL LUBRICANT . . .
. . . CDS . . .
. . . AND ACTION FIGURES.
EVEN HIS OWN SHORT-LIVED COMIC BOOK, WHICH WAS PULLED DUE TO THE FACT THAT IT HAD TO BE SOLD IN THE ADULT SECTION OF THE MAGAZINE STAND . . .
BUT SOON THE TROUBLE, AND THE BACKLASH, BEGINS . . .
AND IT ISN'T LONG BEFORE ALL OF THESE SHODDY PRODUCTS ARE CLOGGING TROMAVILLE'S LANDFILL . . .
WE WON'T EVEN *MENTION* HIS EMBARRASSING MONTH-LONG RUN AS "THE CENTER SQUARE" . . .
*All highly collectable now, see eBay – Ed.

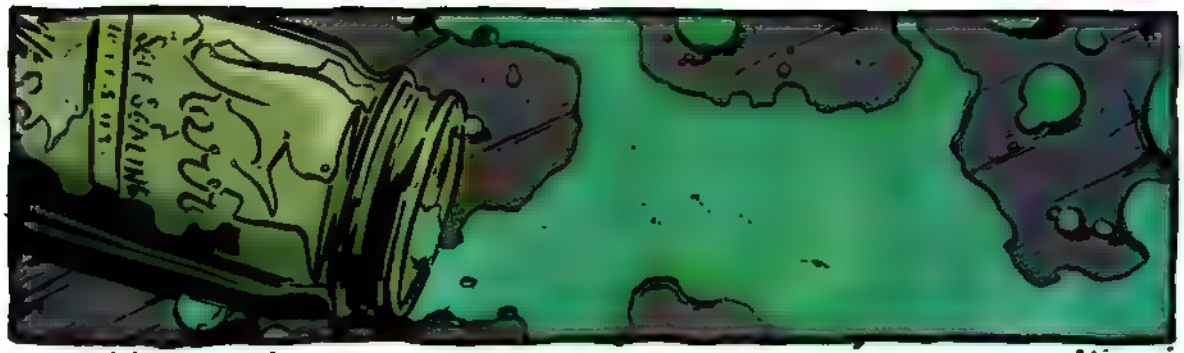

THE MASTURBATOR LOSES HIS SPONSORSHIPS. NO SELF-RESPECTING CRIME-FIGHTER WILL BE SEEN WITH HIM . . .
THIS IS TOXIE. I'M NOT HOME RIGHT NOW, PLEASE LEAVE A MESSAGE . BEEP
Call number 2000 and 8. Why'm I gettin' all this playa-hate?
HE SPENDS THE NEXT YEAR DRINKING HEAVILY AND MASTURBATING IN THE HALF-CONSTRUCTED MANSION ONCE KNOWN AS FORTRESS OF SOLO-TUDE . . .
AFTER A FEW YEARS OF SEQUESTERED EXISTENCE, THE MASTURBATOR FINALLY GOT THE CALL HE'D BEEN WAITING FOR . . .
MASTURBATOR! WE'VE GOT AN EMERGENCY, AND WE NEED ALL THE REMAINING HEROES OF TROMAVILLE TO SAVE US!
TOXIE'S GONE MISSING, AND THE TOWN'S BEEN TAKEN OVER BY HIS EVIL DOPPLEGANGER!
Finally, the chance I've been waiting for yo! I'll show Tromaville who's the REAL hero
UNFORTUNATELY, TROMAVILLE'S REMAINING HEROES WERE NO MATCH FOR THE NOXIOUS OFFENDER. AND, SADLY, THE MASTURBATOR IS MOSTLY KNOWN FOR HIS GNOMINOUS DEATH AT NOXIE'S HAND.*
*See Citizen Toxie, Dear Reader! Excelsior Motherfucker – Ed.
THUS ENDED THE BRIEF CAREER OF THE MASTURBATOR. NOT WITH A BANG OR EVEN A WHIMPER. MERELY A TINY POP FOLLOWED BY A HOLLOW WHISTLING . . .
AND OUR STORY COMES TO AN END WHERE IT BEGAN:
THE LONELY GROUNDS OF TROMAVILLE CEMETERY. BUT REMEMBER, DEAR READER, WHEN YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT THOSE WITH SUPERHUMAN SIZE AND STRENGTH . . .
. . . SOMETIMES THE END IS SIMPLY A NEW BEGINNING!!

Redneck Zombies: City Slickers

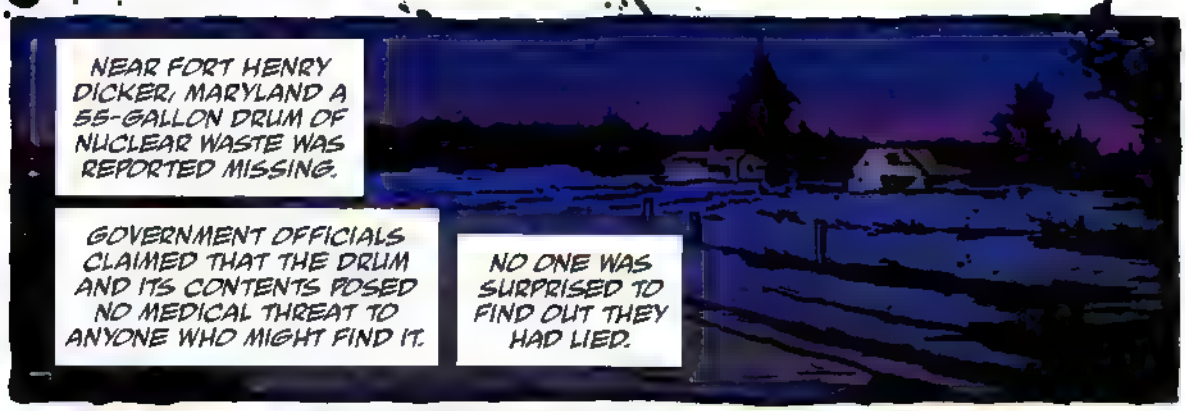
WRITTEN BY JASON A. HURLEY
PENCILS BY JEREMY HAUN
COLORS BY RUSS LOWERY
LETTERED BY CLEM ROBINS

Backwoods hicks mistake barrels of toxic waste for moonshine and become tobacco chewin', gut-stompin', cannibal kinfolk from hell! The goriest laugh-riot ever produced. REDNECK ZOMBIES is an unforgettable onslaught of dismemberment and human body parts.

Directed by Pericles Lewnes. Starring Lisa DeHaven, W.E. Benson, William W. Decker and James Housely.



CITY SLICKERS
A REDNECK ZOMBIES TALE


NEAR FORT HENRY DICKER, MARYLAND A 55-GALLON DRUM OF NUCLEAR WASTE WAS REPORTED MISSING.
GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS CLAIMED THAT THE DRUM AND ITS CONTENTS POSED NO MEDICAL THREAT TO ANYONE WHO MIGHT FIND IT.
NO ONE WAS SURPRISED TO FIND OUT THEY HAD LIED.

THE BACKWOODS HICKS WHO FOUND THE DRUM FASHIONED IT INTO A STILL.
THE RESULTING MOONSHINE TURNED HALF OF THE COUNTY INTO VICIOUS, CANNIBALISTIC REDNECK ZOMBIES.

OH FUCK YEAH.
DID YOU HEAR THAT?
LIKE A SCRATCHING OR SOMETHING?
IT WAS JUST THE WIND, BABY.
COME ON BACK DOWN HERE, AND I'LL PROTECT YOU.
SCRITCH SCRITCH SCRATCH
GUUGH
I KNOW I HEARD SOMETHING THAT TIME!
I THINK SOMEONE'S OUT THERE.
BABY, I'M TELLING YOU IT'S JUST THE WIND...
BUT I'LL TAKE A LOOK IF IT'LL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER.
NOTHIN' TO BE SCARED OF, BABE.
I SWEAR TO GOD, IF SOME HICK FUCKS THIS UP FOR ME...

AAAGHH
OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!
GU-GAAGH
EEEEEK!
OH NO.
PLEASE GOD NO!

RRUUAUGH!
OH, SHIT!
YOU GET AWAY FROM ME!
STAY AWAY!
I'M SERIOUS! YOU STAY THE FUCK AWAY FROM ME!

PLEASE...
PLEASE, JUST LEAVE ME ALONE.
TRIP
GUH?
GUUUAAGH.

PANT
PANT
PANT
OF COURSE.
NO FUCKING SIGNAL.
SHIT!!
HELLOOOO!
ANYBODY HOOOME?
I'M GONNA BORROW THIS SHIRT, OKAAY?

GGGRRRRRR
I'VE HAD JUST ABOUT ENOUGH OF THIS SHIT!
FWAP

EAT THIS, BITCH!
SPLAT
THUNK

FUCK ME!

PLEASE TELL ME THIS SHITHOLE HAS A BACK DOOR.
OH THANK GOD.
THERE IT IS!
NOOOOO!
NOOOOO!!
NOOOO

Troma's Lesbians: Lesbians in Film

WRITTEN BY ANDREW DABB
ART BY EMILY STONE
INKS BY PATRICK BROWER
COLORS BY CASSANDRA LOVELL
LETTERD BY DAVE ROTHE

Early on, Troma discovered that every film was made better by the addition of Girl-on-Girl action, and it's a formula they've perfected over the years! From the sapphic love in Tromeo and Juliet, to the Blood Sisters of Lesbian Sin, Gyno-Americans who love Gyno-Americans are well represented in Troma films. Join us as we dig into the archives to attempt to explain this phenomenon.

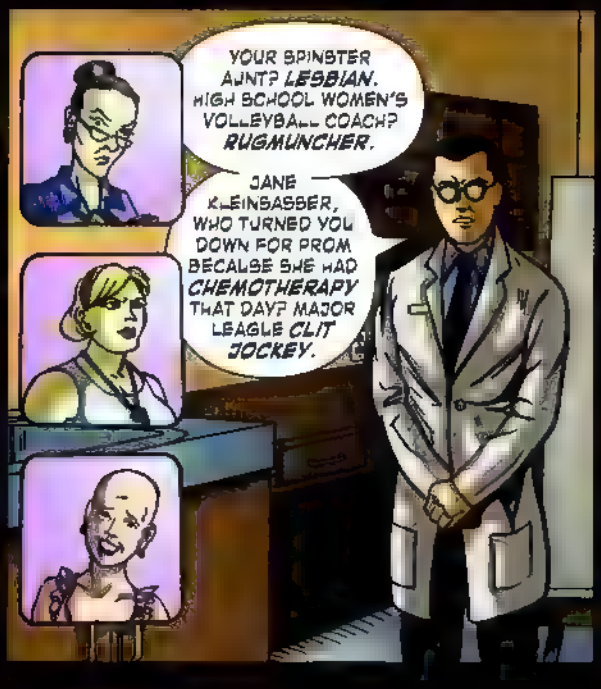
LESBIANS IN FILM

(Apocalyptic Threat or Bosomy Menace?!)

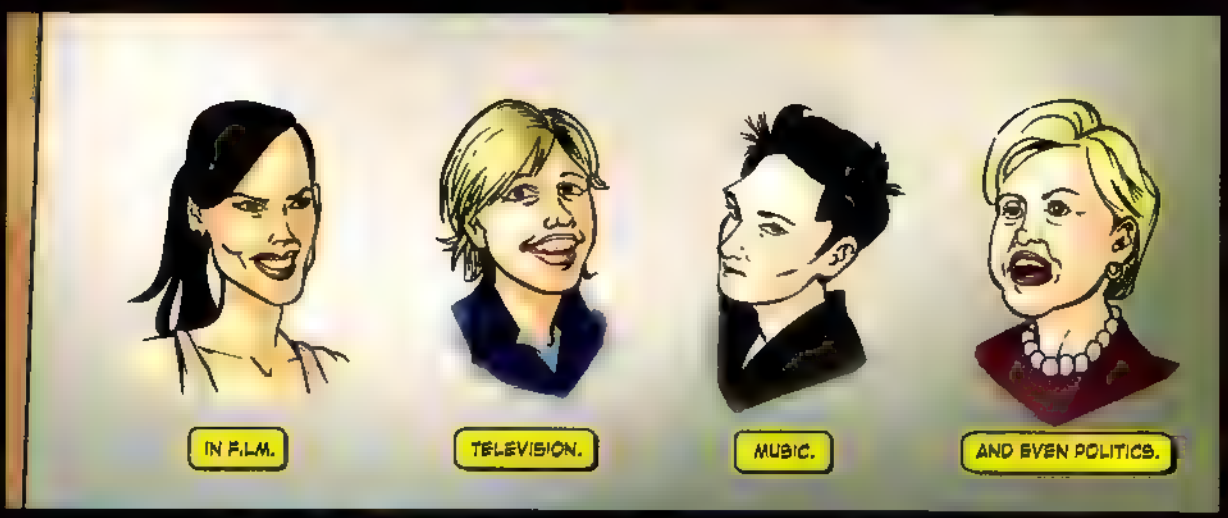
FEATURING
DR. STANWICK DYKSTRA, Ph.D.

HIPPIES, VEGETARIANISM, *DEMOCRATS*, AND, OF COURSE, ANAL FISTING.
BUT TODAY I'M HERE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THAT MOST *INSIDIOUS*, SENSUAL MENACE...

TAKING THEIR NAME FROM THE ISLAND OF *LESBOS*, HOME TO THE ANCIENT, "OUT AND PROUD", GREEK POET SAPPHO, *LESBIANS* HAVE LIVED AMONG US FOR CENTURIES.
AND, GENERALLY SPEAKING, THEY'RE EASY TO *RECOGNIZE*.


YOUR SPINSTER AUNT? LESBIAN.
HIGH SCHOOL WOMEN'S VOLLEYBALL COACH? RUGMUNCHER.
JANE KLEINSASSER, WHO TURNED YOU DOWN FOR PROM BECAUSE SHE HAD CHEMOTHERAPY THAT DAY? MAJOR LEAGUE CLIT JOCKEY.

YET IN RECENT YEARS, LESBIANS HAVE LEFT THEIR NATURAL HABITAT, OR "OREGON", PUT ON LIPSTICK, AND INVADED THE WORLD OF POP CULTURE.


IN FILM.
TELEVISION.
MUSIC.
AND EVEN POLITICS.

BUT NOWHERE IS THEIR INFLUENCE FELT MORE THAN IN DIRECT-TO-DVD B-MOVIES.

AND PERHAPS NO COMPANY SYMBOLIZES THAT BETTER THAN TROMA ENTERTAINMENT.
movies of the future
TROMA
ENTERTAINMENT INC.

ONCE DEVOTED TO *EXTOLLING* THE *BENEFITS* OF INDUSTRIAL WASTE, AND THE *CRIME-SOLVING* PROWESS OF ASIANS...

...IN RECENT YEARS TROMA HAS BEEN THOROUGHLY *DYKE-I-FIED.*

WITH *WHOLESOME* FAMILY ENTERTAINMENT LIKE *TROMEO AND JULIET*, *TERROR FIRMER*, AND *CHOPPER CHICKS* RUINED BY AN ABUNDANCE OF CLAM-BOBBING.

THE QUESTION IS: *WHY?*

TO UNDERSTAND THIS, WE MUST REALIZE THAT THE MAJORITY OF TROMA'S *AUDIENCE* CONSISTS OF 14 YEAR OLD BOYS...

...AND FULLY GROWN MEN SO ADDICTED TO SCHLOCK THEY'LL EVEN PAY FOR AN ANTHOLOGY OF "COMIC" STORIES BASED ON THE COMPANY'S PROPERTIES.

AND HOW DO SUCH PEOPLE *THINK?* LET'S LOOK.

MENTAL IMAGE OF THAT TIME I SAW MOM NAKED.

SEX

FOOD

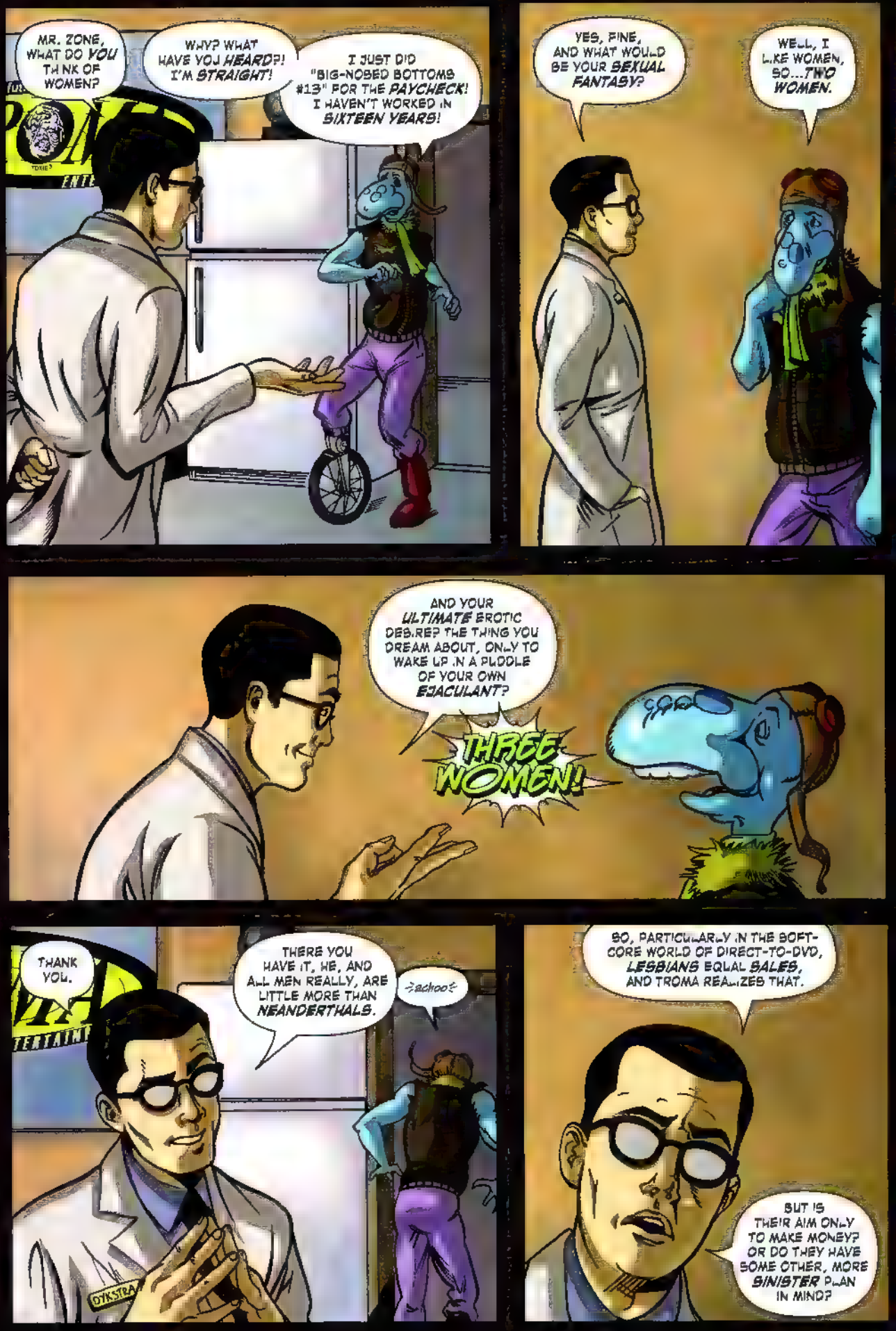
MORE SEX

BONG RESIN

AS YOU CAN SEE, MEN ARE, AT HEART, *SIMPLE* BEINGS.

TROMA

AREN'T THEY, *NOZONE?*

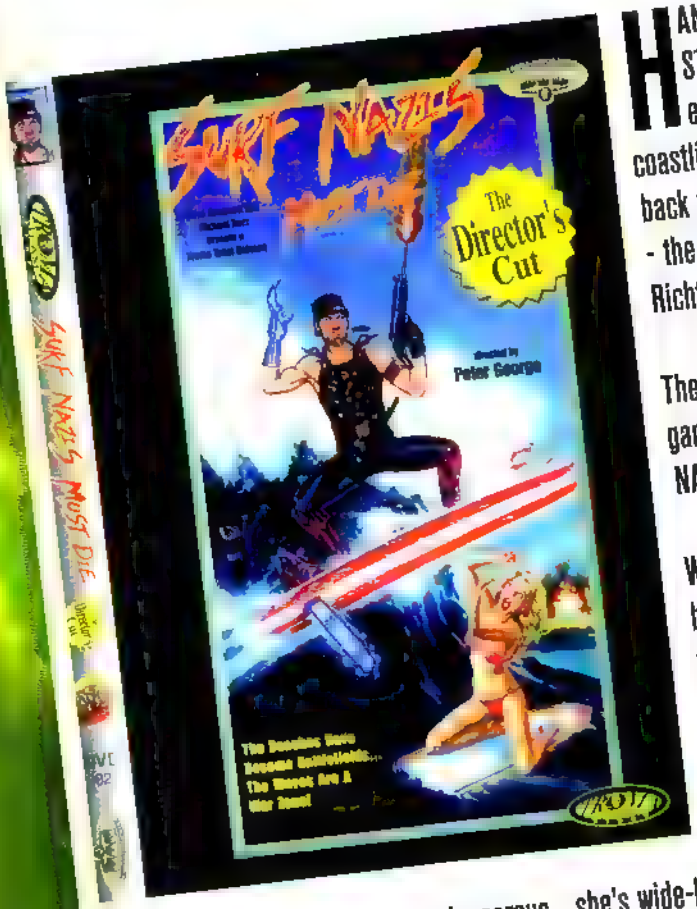

MR. ZONE, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF WOMEN?
WHY? WHAT HAVE YOU HEARD?! I'M STRAIGHT!
I JUST DID "BIG-NOSED BOTTOMS #13" FOR THE PAYCHECK! I HAVEN'T WORKED IN SIXTEEN YEARS!
YES, FINE, AND WHAT WOULD BE YOUR SEXUAL FANTASY?
WELL, I LIKE WOMEN, SO...TWO WOMEN.
AND YOUR ULTIMATE EROTIC DESIRE? THE THING YOU DREAM ABOUT, ONLY TO WAKE UP IN A PUDDLE OF YOUR OWN EJACULANT?
THREE WOMEN!
THANK YOU.
THERE YOU HAVE IT, HE, AND ALL MEN REALLY, ARE LITTLE MORE THAN NEANDERTHALS.
-achoo-
DYKSTRA
SO, PARTICULARLY IN THE SOFT-CORE WORLD OF DIRECT-TO-DVD, LESBIANS EQUAL SALES, AND TROMA REALIZES THAT.
BUT IS THEIR AIM ONLY TO MAKE MONEY? OR DO THEY HAVE SOME OTHER, MORE SINISTER PLAN IN MIND?

THE SIMPLE FACT IS, MALES WILL WATCH LESB ANS DO ANYTHING...
...AS MY ASSISTANTS CANDY AND ASTRID SHALL DEMONSTRATE.
WHETHER IT'S CHEER.NG ON THE LOCAL SPORTS TEAM.
GO BEAVERS!
COOKING A FAMILY MEAL.
OR ADDRESS.NG THE UNITED NATIONS.
AND I SAY IRAN MUST NOT BE ALLOWED TO DEVELOP NUCLEAR WEAPONS!
SO, WHAT DOES THIS ALL ADD UP TO? ONE WORD:
BRAIN-WASHING!
STRA

LLOYD KAUFMAN IS USING HOT SLUT-ON-SLUT ACTION TO LULL AMERICA'S MALE POPULATION INTO A HYPNOTIC STATE!
THEN FLOODING THEIR OPEN, WILLING SYNAPSES WITH HIS OWN ULTRA-ZIONIST AGENDA!
HOW ELSE CAN YOU EXPLAIN THE RABID PRO-ISRAEL SUBTEXT IN TALES FROM THE CRAPPER?!
HE HAS TO BE STOPPED! LESS ANS MUST BE TAGGED AND CONTROLLED! THERE'S NO OTHER WAY!
WE HAVE TO...
...to...
Yeah.. just like that..
Aw, FUCK IT.
Zzzip
B'nai B'rith 4 Ever
IStandWithIsrael.com
THE END

SURF NAZIS MUST DIE: WORST DAY

BY SEAN K. DOVE



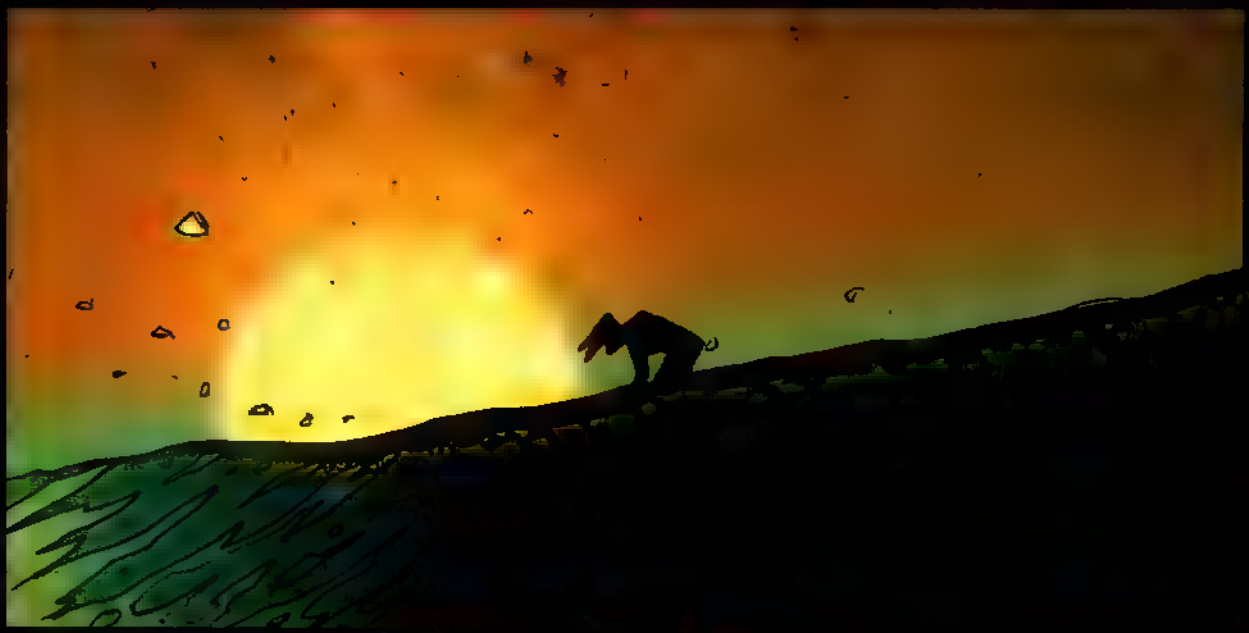
HANG TEN GESTAPO STYLE! Sometime in the near future... A major earthquake has devastated the entire California coastline. As the survivors attempt to put their lives back together, a new, more terrifying threat erupts - the rise of a wretched Reich which really rock the Richter scale!

The beautiful beaches are now ruled by ruthless gangs... and the gangs are ruled by the SURF NAZIS!

Welcome to California! Where the beaches have become battlefields and the waves are a war zone! The rival gangs - the "Samurai Surfers" and the tyranny of the tide -the SURF NAZIS... Adolf, Eva, Mengele, Hook, Smeg and the rest of the gang! Only one person is powerful enough... darling enough... brave enough to stop them! She's tough... she's dangerous... she's wide-hipped and strong-willed... she's Leroy's Mama! And as long as she's alive - the SURF NAZIS MUST DIE! Feel the roar of the monster waves... experience the passion of perverted romance... know the evil of mankind's greatest, villains... and taste the violent vengeance! SURF NAZIS MUST DIE!
The courageous saga of a mother's undying devotion and quest for justice becomes a tidal wave of action and destruction!

Written by John Ayre. Directed by Peter George. Starring Barry Brenner, Gail Neely, Michael Sonye, Dawn Wildsmith, Tom Shell, Dawne Ellison and Bobbie Bresee.

SURF NAZI
MUST DIE



CHOMP!
CHOMP!
CHOMP!

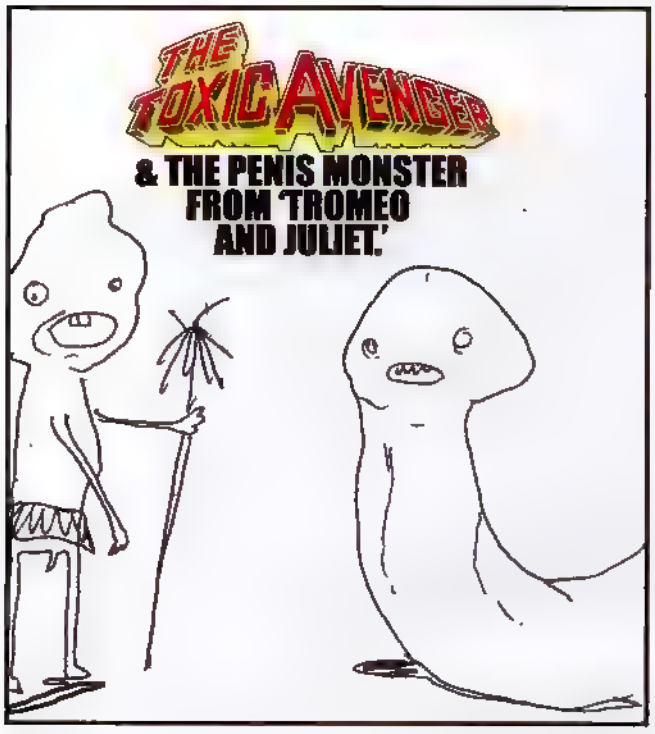
CHOMP!
SEAN DOVE 2007

The Toxic Avenger & The Penis Monster from Tromeo & Juliet

in:

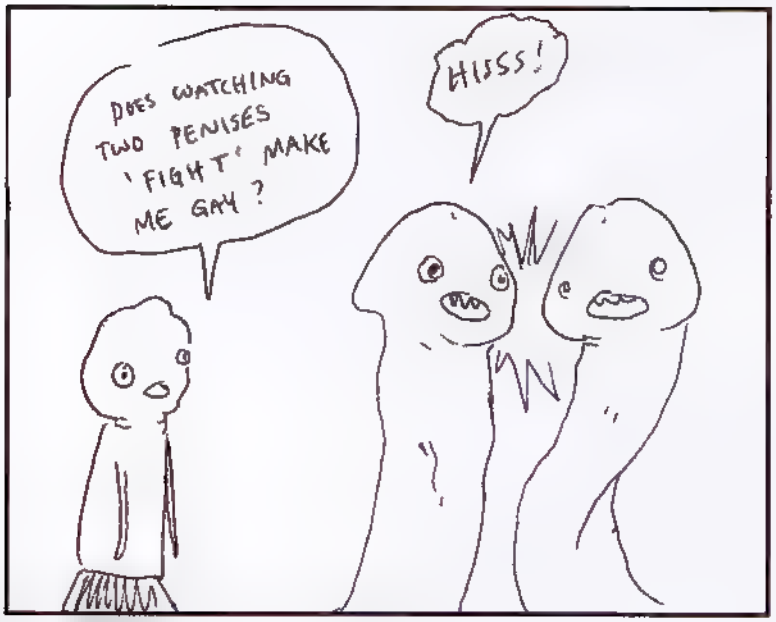
The Toxic Avenger vs. The Penis Monster from Tromeo & Juliet

WRITTEN & DRAWN BY STEVE SEELEY


THE TOXIC AVENGER
& THE PENIS MONSTER FROM 'TROMEO AND JULIET.'

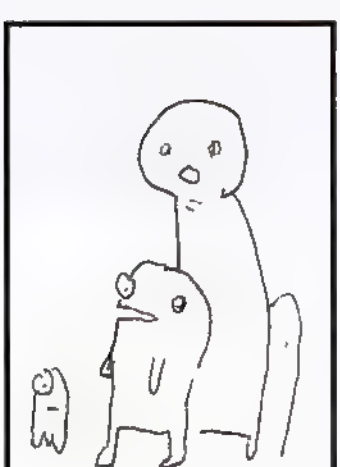
GRRR!
HA! TU-TUS ARE GAY!
& SO ARE YOU

I'M NOT GAY, BUT I TIP MY HAT TO THE GAYS.


DOES WATCHING TWO PENISES 'FIGHT' MAKE ME GAY?
HISSS!

Does this make me gay?

Does this make me gay?



TO PROVE HIS NON-GAYNESS.. TOXIE KICKS THE SHIT OUT OF SOME CHIPMUNKS

BUT THEN SADLY HE ENDS UP ACCIDENTALLY MAKING OUT W/ THE MALE CHIPMUNK.

FUCK IT! TOXIE'S GAY!
Yes!

TROMATIC PIN-UPS

TROMETTES BY ROB RANDLE

TOXIC AVENGER BY ART BALTAZAR

SCREAM PLAY BY LUKE SMARTO

SGT. KABUKIMAN, NYPD BY GABE ELTAEB, NICK RUNGE

THE TOXIC AVENGER BY MATT MUNN

THE TOXIC AVENGER BY ANDREW BARR

THE TOXIC AVENGER BY CHRIS BURNHAM

TOXIE AND MELVIN BY MARCO FAILLA

TOXIC
AVENGER
ART
BALTAZAR
2007

SMARTO

THE
TOXIC
AVENGER
I ♥
NJ

APB2K6

CHRIS
BURNHAM

HIS FILMS ARE LEGEND. HIS BALLS ARE HUGE. AND NOW HE'S COME TO COMICS.

FOR OVER 30 YEARS, audiences around the world have enjoyed the low budget, high concept independent films of TROMA ENTERTAINMENT. Acclaimed for groundbreaking stories, crude humor, brilliantly disgusting gore, and ample doses of love pillows, TROMA brings its special brand of entertainment to comics with LLOYD KAUFMAN PRESENTS: THE TOXIC AVENGER AND OTHER TROMATIC TALES, an anthology jam-packed with stories by the greatest comic creators around the world, inspired by TROMA's film library!!

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TAKE! *Your book into the bathroom! Comics are great crapper reads!*

TAKE! *Care not to get urine on your book! It ain't waterproof!*

SMELL! *The Aroma du Troma!*

TOUCH! *yourself! Or maybe a friend!*

BUY! *So we can pay the artists and maybe get that loan shark off our backs!*

"Devil's Due hands Tromaville's avenger [Toxie] his mop once again to lead the charge in Lloyd Kaufman Presents: The Toxic Avenger and Other Tromatic Tales, *a massive graphic novel anthology of new Troma stories scripted and drawn by some of indie comics' finest."*
–Wizard Magazine

MR
MATURE READERS
17+

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Holy Sex Offense Batman!
It's A NOXIC Scan!